THE
LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

May, 1805.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THIS Lady, the elegant ornament of the circles of beauty and fashion, is the daughter of William Clapcot Lisle, Esq. by Hester, sister of George James, the present Earl of Cholmondeley, who derives his descent, by his mother, from Vortigern, King of Britain. Mrs. Arbuthnot was born July 9, 1774; married, February 23, 1799, to Charles Arbuthnot, Esq. the present Envoy to the Porte.

MODESTY AND BASHFULNESS.

MODESTY is that virtue which keeps us from expecting, as a right, the esteem and veneration which our good qualities seem to deserve: and it is evident, that modesty must appear universally amiable, because good-will and approbation are a tribute in our own power, and we choose to bestow them as we please. As modesty is founded on humility, so they are inseparably connected; we cannot form the idea of an humble man, without supposing him, at the same time, modest; nor of a modest man, without supposing him humble; for he who has a proper sense of his own merits, will not challenge an undue esteem for them; and his not doing this, is a sure evidence that he has a proper sense of them.

Bashfulness is that quality which discovers to men the sense we have of our own failures and imperfections. The vice directly opposed to it is impudence. The bashful man is ashamed of his faults; but the impudent man is not sensible of them. Bashfulness is frequently esteemed a foible; which may easily be accounted for, because it supposes some fault, without which it would not exist; but I choose rather to call it a virtue; for we are pleased to see men conscious of their defects, and this acknowledgment is the best apology they can make for them. Sometimes, however, we are sensible of all the appearances of bashfulness, without any fault in ourselves which can give rise to them. This proceeds from sympathy; we suppose ourselves in the situation of the person who occasions our confusion, and have the same sensations which we think he ought to feel.

I think modesty and bashfulness may be always known from each other by the distinction I have laid down, viz. that the latter produces in us the disagreeable idea of some defect which occasions it, and therefore gives us pain, although it is, at the same time, engaging; but the former gives us a pleasure, which is not attended with this disagreeable idea. And this leads me to observe, that our admiration of bashfulness extends no farther than to this single good quality; but we cannot admire modesty, without admiring, at the same time, those virtues from which it derives its value.

The other quality, which has passed for modesty, is diffidence; this is too weak a sense of any good quality we possess, and an insufficiency to call it forth to action. Diffidence is never to be allowed a virtue, but a weakness, because it suppresses a man's virtue, and hides it from the world, even when he has a mind to exert himself.

A.

OLD

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXXI.

[Continued from page 223.]

ABOUT ten o'clock, coffee made its appearance; and a servant was immediately dispatched to inform the gentlemen, that it was carried in. The Countess, however, had nearly half an hour to wait before they obeyed the summons: whether they were employed in discussing politics, or in paying their homage to Bacchus, I cannot tell; but I have uniformly observed, that they seem to be dragged from the dining-room with reluctance, and that the drawing-room has few comparative charms for them.

Before eleven, tea was handed round to such as liked it; and, after the servants had withdrawn, the Countess proposed a game at *pharo,* by way of filling up the evening. "Being out late last night, my dear," said she, addressing me, "and fancying you, too, must be a little fatigued with your journey, I will for once *indulge* you by staying at home; though I have several cards of invitation to attend routs, &c. &c. and to-morrow night, if you are not afraid of venturing in a crowd, and risquing a squeeze, we will visit the Opera." I smiled assent; and though I knew no more of pharo than a child in arms, I sat down close to the side of my hostess, who kindly offered to instruct me, as it was her department to hold the bank. "We never play less than guineas," said the Countess; "but you need not risque more than you like—In short, I will take care of you."

I did not much like to commence a gambler, as I thought it; but was unwilling to decline the honor offered me, of being instructed by the Countess, and I sat down, to all intents, passive, and anxious to learn. In a few minutes, however, I found that I had lost ten guineas, notwithstanding I had such

an able instructress by my side; and, to make short of the affair, before supper was announced, I had the shame and mortification to perceive, that I had lost all my cash, and changed two or three bank notes. The amount I will not name; but I thought myself very fortunate, when I heard what some other persons in the party had been lightened of by *illustrious pharo*. One gentleman having been extremely unsuccessful, attempted to break the bank; but not gaining his point, I could see him writhing with chagrin and remorse for his folly; while the winners displayed a corresponding share of exultation. By the imprudence and ill luck of the gentleman alluded to, the Countess, as banker, rose with between three and four hundred pounds in her pocket, all gained within the short space of two hours, and from a small domestic circle, who only sat down to kill time, and who were all near relatives, or intimate friends. I endeavoured to make light of my loss, though I felt it most severely. My father had, on my setting out, given me what I considered as a very handsome sum for my pocket expenses in town; but in three more nights, I calculated that I might be made a bankrupt, if I gave way to gaming, for which, indeed, I had no inclination; and therefore I made a solemn resolution, that neither civility nor importunity should ever again induce me to sit down to cards, where the loss or gain was likely to be an object. I assure you, my good Old Lady, it cost me a great deal of firmness to resist the temptations and entreaties that were thrown in my way on this score; but I did not find that the gentlemen disliked me for declining every thing like deep play; and, whatever others may think of me, I am sure I have preserved that peace of mind, and self respect, which gamblers of either sex can never know, because they must be conscious they do not deserve them.

Our

Our supper was slight; and I once more retired to my chamber, happy to escape from fashion, to hold a chat with my maid, who was ready to burst into tears, when I told her how much I had lost at *pharo;* a game I could scarcely make her understand; but, from the similarity of the name, she supposed, she said, it must have come from *Egypt*, and have been one of the plagues brought on that devoted land.

I will not, my dear Madam, tire you with more details. In high life, you know, one day is nearly the same as another, unless when it is diversified by dress and preparation; or spent in the bustle of company, or in public amusement. The great have very little leisure; and the labourer, who toils a certain number of hours every day, and knows his regular periods of rest, leads an easy and a happy life, compared with the slaves of fashion. In the mornings (that is, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon) we either took a drive in Bond-Street, or occasionally visited the Park; in the evenings, we had company at home; or were engaged in different parties abroad. At first, I promised myself a high degree of gratification, from having an opportunity of seeing distinguished personages, and flattered myself their conversation must be as fascinating as their appearance. But in this I was miserably disappointed: the gentlemen (for so it appears to be the fashion) scarcely deign to notice a lady on whom they have not some design; and those of her own sex seldom talk of any thing beyond dress, scandal, and amusement.

In the country, I had been used to read a variety of books, both entertaining and instructive. In town, I found that many persons purchased books, but few read them. In the family where I visited, the newest publications were generally to be seen on the drawing-room table; but I had no leisure to examine them with attention; and the Countess, with-

out troubling herself to open them, was generally satisfied with the opinion of the chaplain on their merits; who, it seemed, was obliged to read, that he might be able to answer any questions that might be asked, in regard to books which it was thought fashionable to possess. I discovered, however, that he, too, praised or blamed at second-hand; and was content to retail the criticisms which he had picked up, during his daily lounge in the bookseller's shop, or the coffee-house. Thus it is, that the minds of the great are often poisoned against authors of merit, from the representations of dependents, who have constant access; and, on the other hand, that the most trivial or contemptible publications are brought into vogue, by an acquaintance happening to subsist between the writer and the repeater. It is enough to say, 'This book is written by an ignorant blockhead,' or that the other 'Is the composition of my learned friend, *Tom Trifle*, with whom I was intimately acquainted at the university,' to cause the respective works to be applauded, or condemned, by those who never think for themselves, but take every thing on credit.

Having early heard much of the curiosities of London, and, in reality, wished to see them, I one morning ventured to express this privately to one of the young ladies, who instantly burst into a laugh, with, "Mamma! Miss here, would be obliged to you to shew her the lions in the Tower, the whispering gallery at St. Paul's, the monuments and wax-dolls in Westminster Abbey; and I do not know but she would like to go to Sadler's Wells, were it open, and all the fine places which charm the cits, and amuse country folks." I was mad at her exposing me in this manner; but turned it off, by saying, that she was witty on rustics like myself; though I did not know but that she might be speaking two words for herself, and one for me. "Fye! (exclaimed the Countess:) my daughter surely would not think of visiting such places: but, my dear," added

added she, "if you are in a longing condition, and nothing will satisfy you but to visit the lions, I will order a carriage, and the chaplain shall attend you any morning you please: or, perhaps, you may have some country cousin calling on you soon, and then you can go together." I thanked her Ladyship with an affected civility, but declined the offer; and changed the conversation, resolved that, on my part, it should never be renewed.

I should, however, be ungrateful, if I did not confess, that I was indulged with a sight of every place of fashionable concourse; for I was dragged from the one to the other with a rapidity that at once tired and disgusted me. I speedily perceived, that, to be fond of the amusements of the great in London, one must have been brought up in them; and that taste is not to be acquired, though it may be feigned The most silly thing, in my opinion, is an opera; and though I am delighted with simple music, a concert, or a full band, to my ears, is nothing but noise and discord. The Theatres, I confess, gave me no small share of pleasure; and though I would not a second time run the risque I did, in seeing the Young Roscius, I was highly gratified with his performance, considering him as a child: and, in short, though I was prevented from seeing all I wished, by the rank of my hostess, I shall not return into the country without having enough to talk of for some years to come. One secret I know not that I should mention, but it will out. An important discussion coming on in the House of Commons, the Countess, in a gay humour, asked her daughters and myself, if we should like to hear the speeches. I was in raptures with the proposal; because I was anxious to see men of *mental* as well as *personal* distinction; but when I was told that I must equip myself in the masculine attire, if I expected to gain admission, I was ready to sink with shame; and nothing but example could have overcome my reluctance to this deviation from

from propriety. In other respects I was highly gratified; and the most rational evening I spent in London, was certainly in St. Stephen's Chapel.

I am now about to return to Yorkshire, and expect to be gazed at as a star of the first magnitude, by those who have never visited the metropolis. So much for a WINTER IN LONDON, an excellent subject for a novel. In every situation, I am, my good Old Lady,

Yours,

MATILDA SAPLING.

On the Pleasures and Uses arising from the Study of Natural History.

" For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the black'ning east,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!"

THOMSON.

THE labours of an individual in promoting any branch of science, if judiciously directed, must invariably be useful and instructive to mankind. The application of different minds to different pursuits, is the surest method of diffusing general knowledge; for if every learned man was determined to direct his attention to the investigation of one particular object, (to astronomy, for instance,) the world at large would be deprived of many sources of amusing information, which at present result from the united efforts of those who devote their time and thoughts to various other pursuits. Thus the acquirement of knowledge in the more practical sciences would be totally neglected, and what little we at present understand, would be entirely forgotten. Science of every description is eminently useful in two ways: first, in improving the arts, and directing

ing them to the purposes of life; secondly, in cultivating and ameliorating the powers of the understanding.

The antiquary confirms or refutes the conjectures of the historian: the biographer enters minutely into every petty trait of the character he is describing, and attends solely to the life and actions of one man; while the historian, more comprehensive in his views, depicts the characters and manners of a whole people, shewing their blind attachments, or unprovoked prejudices; and at the same time unfolds to us the remarkable occurrences of past ages. Thus a knowledge of striking events, and by what means they were produced, is added to an acquaintance with the characters of those who effected them.

All pursuits are in some degree dependent on each other, and a new discovery in one branch of science often assists or explains a difficulty to be found in another. All departments of knowledge have their appropriate beauties, every fresh examination of which must produce new ideas for the philosophic mind to ruminate upon; and present new sources of pleasure to those who delight to follow the inviting voice of Truth. We are too apt to look with indifference, or even contempt, at the enthusiastic followers of such pursuits as have not excited our own inquiries; and, on the other hand, to attach a greater degree of importance than may seem just, to those objects which we ourselves are in search of; but let us remember that every one has the power of directing his own footsteps, and of selecting that department of science which to his own judgment holds forth the most alluring temptations. Strenuous exertions in any cause must prevail, and when applied to knowledge, cannot fail to contribute greatly to the general stock of happiness.

Amongst the numerous avenues to the temple of Science, that delightful path which leads us to "look through nature up to Nature's God," must attract the

the attention of every ingenuous mind. To contemplate the ever-blooming beauties of nature, must infuse into the heart an ardent desire to become acquainted with the natural productions around us, and which so essentially contribute to the comforts and conveniences of mankind. By an attention to the Study of Natural History, we are supplied with the necessaries as well as luxuries of life; and the farther they are investigated, the greater benefits will undoubtedly accrue to society, since the simple discoveries of the naturalist have already tended far more to the immediate good of his fellow creatures, than all the interesting researches of the scholar, the sublime flights of the poet, or the sober accuracy of the historian. Man, the only inhabitant of the globe capable of appreciating the œconomy and harmony of the creation, was destined to arrange and to admire the works of Nature. Every thing is assigned to his direction, and rendered subservient to his use. In reviewing the natural productions around him, he can proudly say,

> " For me kind nature wakes the genial shower,
> Suckles each herb, and puts forth every flower;
> Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
> The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
> For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
> For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
> Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
> My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

Man is the only animal in the vast chain of being, that can reflect upon the benevolence and goodness of Him who formed the world from an indigested chaos; he can admire and feel the omnipotence that " caused herbs to grow for the use of man;" while the brute creation, though next him in the system of nature, are fattened with fruits, without being able to regard the tree that produced them, or the power that supplied them. Since, then, we occupy so superior a station in the created world, it is our duty to become acquainted with the objects around us, especially

especially as they afford the most refined delights, and are the greatest springs of useful knowledge. To whom are we to look with confidence for improvements in the actual conveniences of life, but to the Investigator of the wonders of nature?

Minerals are a source of profit to the adventurous and ingenious, as well as of the greatest use in the common purposes of life. The stately column, and the splendid mansion, could never have been raised, but for the stone and marble taken from the bowels of the earth. Commerce could not be so regularly conducted without the aid of silver and gold; while every day's experience unfolds to us the excellencies of less valuable though more useful metals. It may be said, that discoveries of the greatest importance have generally been found out by chance, and that we are not indebted to the actual researches of the naturalist for them. For instance, we know not to whom our thanks are due for the discovery of the unerring magnet, nor by what means it was detected; but we know that if experiments, resulting from a desire of becoming acquainted with the productions of nature, had not been practised upon it, we should at this day have remained totally ignorant of its use.

The vegetable kingdom more immediately assists our animal enjoyments. Healing and nutritive plants are for the most part distinguished from poisonous and noxious weeds, by the place which they hold in the system of botany. A botanist travelling in an unknown region, and surrounded by plants quite new to him, would be able to tell the virtues of any herb he might meet with, and apply it accordingly, from the analogy which it bears to a salutary or hurtful department, and thus procure a comfortable subsistence; while the unskilful collector might be poisoned amidst a copious selection of salubrious plants, from not being able to judge of their qualities and analogies. The fruits of the earth supply

us with grateful food, afford sensual delight, and at the same time they raise our ideas to the contemplation of infinite wisdom and goodness. The fast-drooping flower, sad emblem of our short duration, gives us the comfortable assurance of "another and a better world."

> "Shall I be left abandon'd to the dust,
> "When fate relenting bids the flower revive;
> "Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
> "Bid him, tho' doom'd to perish, hope to live?"

The important services rendered to mankind by larger animals, are too well known to require any notice; but much remains to be done as to the investigation of evils, caused by numerous insects, which, though small, and seemingly innoxious, carry devastation and ruin wherever they go. The remedy of this mischief can only come from the entomologist. The "close connections, nice dependencies," of the three kingdoms of Nature upon each other, are very apparent: plants and animals, for the most part, flourish from the nutriment afforded by the earth; and man, in return, is nourished by plants and animals.

The objects which excite the attention of the naturalist are dispersed all over the habitable world, and act alike upon his feelings, whether he contemplates them on his native plains, or

> ——— ——— ——— "At the farthest verge
> Of the green earth, in distant barbarous climes,
> Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
> Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beams
> Flame on th' Atlantic isles."

Such are the uses, and such the pleasures, which result from the Study of Nature; her beauties will ever afford delight, while every fresh inspection of her charms must more strongly convince us of the wisdom and power of Him who "formed, sustains and animates the whole."

Norwich, W. E.
April 10th, 1805.

THE

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

TRUTH, when enforced by polished diction, may be compared to a lovely woman, whose personal attractions must at all times be admired, but who certainly appears to greater advantage when dressed in a style of elegance and taste. In pointing out the peculiar duties attached to the female character, and representing the various dangers to which the sex is exposed, I have endeavoured to avoid the dictatorial language of a censor, and tried to convince the understanding, without wounding the feelings of the heart.

I assume to myself no superiority of judgment, except that which age, experience, and observation, give; yet, from *these*, I flatter myself, the younger part of the community may derive benefit, if they pay attention to my remarks. "In every man's life (observes the late celebrated Dr. Blair) there are certain periods, when he is permitted to stand forth undisguised to his own view, stripped of that veil which self-partiality is too apt to throw over the past failings of his life." Though the time which is past can never be recovered, yet we have a complete command over that which is to come; and by reflecting upon the errors we have inadvertently committed, we may avoid falling into the practice of them again.

By the reflecting mirror which memory places before us, the vain may behold the weakness of vanity, the affected may view the folly of conceit, and the detracter may see the disgusting effect of calumny, and procure an antidote for the poisonous venom of her tongue. Though mankind are allowed a wider field for the display of magnanimous actions, yet the duties of a female are no less important for being circumscribed, as from *their* amiable or unamiable conduct, flows the chief happiness or misery of do-

mestic life. Not that my opinion coincides with those persons who declare, that the greatest portion of connubial felicity is to be expected from a *reformed rake;* for so completely is the human mind under the influence of habit, that it requires no small portion of firmness to break through those, in which we have long indulged; and I should be as miserable at seeing my daughter unite herself to a libertine or rake, as to the lowest mechanic.

Many men, I am persuaded, have launched into expense and extravagance, merely from the injudicious behaviour of their wives; for, instead of endeavouring to render home cheerful and inviting, they make it a perpetual scene of animosity and strife. Human nature is prone to a variety of imperfections; even the education which men receive, leads them into Temptation's way; and if a wife is too rigid in her ideas to make a few allowances for a husband's failings, he becomes indifferent to his conduct, from not having a *good* character to support. Yet I would not have my sex suppose, I think passive obedience, or blindness to faults which *ought* to be *seen*, an essential part of the duty which constitutes the appellation of a *good wife;* for there are certain imperfections in the conduct of a husband, which no woman of sensibility can, or *ought,* tamely to bear; and I only mean to advise the generality of my married readers to pass over those little improprieties to which even the best of husbands are prone.

From the constitutional character of mankind, they encourage the idea of *superiority,* and fancy the muscular strength of the body must likewise extend to the mind; and from this opinion it is, that men, in general, are so fearful of appearing under the dominion of their wives. I shall not attempt to discuss a point so foreign to the present subject, as whether Nature has made any distinction in the mental powers of either sex, but merely say, that when any argument arises likely to terminate in a serious quarrel,

by yielding, the lady will evidently show the superiority of her sense. So numerous are the real misfortunes to which every individual is liable, that Reason seems to point out the necessity of sweetening the cup of life; and, by reciprocal acts of kindness and affection, strewing roses over the path where such pointed thorns are spread.

If society has a claim upon each of its members, how much stronger is that which Nature or connection asserts! *there*, the kindred ties of father, son, and brother, ought to make a deep impression upon the heart. Binding and indissoluble, doubtless, are the bonds of nature: still even these must yield their superiority to the more tender league which subsists between husband and wife: hallowed ought to be this sacred engagement; yet how few of the parties view it in a serious or proper light! Circumstances, in themselves frivolous and unimportant, are suffered to disturb that harmony which each ought studiously to endeavour to maintain; even a slight difference of opinion too frequently ferments a serious quarrel, and indifference soon paves the way for disgust.

I have been led to make these observations, from two letters which have been in my possession some little time, but which I have been unable to pay attention to, from a variety of occupations, and a succession of ill health. As these curious epistles may afford some entertainment to my readers, and will prove from what trifling causes the infelicity of the marriage state may arise, I shall make them public through the channel of the Museum, and conclude my observations, by giving Mr. *Willhavehisway* a little advice.

"*To the* FEMALE MENTOR.

"Madam,

"It is no slight testimony of the esteem which I bear your character, although to your person unknown, that I condescend to lay my case before you, and at the same time solicit the favor of your advice.

To acknowledge a truth, my good old Madam Mentor, you are the first woman whom I ever thought worthy of consulting upon my affairs; but as I like your sentiments, and believe you a very rational sort of being, I think you might be of essential service to my wife, and cannot help regretting that your opinions have so seldom appeared in the Museum of late.

"Example, you know, is allowed to be more impressive than precept; yet there are sometimes exceptions to the most general rules; and as it was my father's fate to marry a woman old enough to be his mother, I resolved to avoid splitting upon the same rock, and the object of my choice was a lovely creature, full fifteen years younger than myself. As Fortune had dealt very bountifully by me, I determined never to let Plutus obtain any influence over me; and being struck with the personal attractions of the daughter of a lieutenant in a marching regiment, after a short acquaintance, I made her an offer of my hand. Eliza Livermore appeared lively without being too volatile; animated, and ardent, without any tincture of the shrew; and as I had witnessed many marks of feeling and sensibility, I thought, by marrying her without a penny, I should insure both gratitude and esteem.

"Though I am fond of rational cheerfulness, I have an utter aversion to noisy gaiety; and am less annoyed by the discharge of a four-and-twenty pounder, than by a loud laugh; yet my wife, knowing this, seems to take pleasure in tormenting me, by indulging the most noisy, and, I may say, childish, mirth. The present mode of female dress must be disgusting to any man of delicacy; I would as soon see my wife naked, as with her bosom entirely bare, and with sleeves not longer than what would fit a new-born baby; yet every remonstrance upon this impropriety, produces a flood of tears; for, finding she could not laugh me out of these antediluvian notions,

notions, (as she calls them,) she is now trying the effect of the contrary extreme.

Previous to marriage, I had been member of a spouting club; for I am fond of argument, though I dislike disputes; and if two or three of my friends assemble for the purpose of enjoying this rational amusement, Madam is always certain to be in the dumps; and for no other reason, than because I once told her, that no woman could support an argument with common sense. This, perhaps, Madam, you will think was an infringement upon politeness; but, even in conversations upon logical subjects, my wife would fancy herself able to join; and when she found that my friends thought her propositions too trifling to bear discussion, ridicule was the weapon with which we were assailed. In short, Madam, though I confess myself tenderly attached to this lovely creature, (for her charms, I assure you, are of a superior kind,) yet we are eternally disputing, merely from her ignorance of the duties of a wife. I desire Eliza to take a view merely of the animal creation, where superiority evidently lies on the proper side; and I am persuaded, we should end our days without a single dispute occurring, if she would only implicitly *yield* to me.

"*Money*, when compared to happiness, is an insignificant object. I never feel so highly gratified, as when laying it out upon her; but then our tastes happen to be diametrically opposite; and even last night we had a terrible dispute about the colour of her coach. The other day, I bought her a most beautiful dress of muslin, worked all over with gold, and coloured sprigs; and, instead of her being grateful for this attention, she merely said, she wished I would let her choose her own things; and that a pattern of that kind had not been in fashion for the last five-and-twenty years; although the milliner declared, upon her honor, she had sold a similar gown that morning to the Duchess of York. This dissimi-

larity of opinion in matters of insignificance, extends to things of a more weighty concern; and I observe, that, even amongst my domestics, two parties are evidently formed; the one justly supporting the authority of the master; and the other injudiciously taking their lady's part. The favor I have to beg of you, my kind and worthy Mentor, is to give this headstrong girl of mine a little good advice: point out to her, I beg, the submission due to a husband, particularly one who has the advantage of experience and years; for, to be thwarted by a mere child, is a disgrace to manhood, and a degradation which I am resolved never to bear. I have the honor of subscribing myself,

"Dear Madam,

"Your sincere admirer,

"WILLIAM WILLHAVEHISWAY."

"*To the* FEMALE MENTOR.

"Madam,

"A drowning man catches at every twig, in the hope of saving himself; and sinking under the weight of undue authority, I venture to cling to *you;* for as my husband has thought proper to take in a periodical publication, entitled the Lady's Museum, for *my* improvement, I flatter myself, through your kind admonitions, it may be productive of his own.

"Unfortunately, Madam, the disparity of years between us, at the present period of our lives, is too great; for he not only prides himself upon the superiority of his sex's understanding, but actually treats me as a child. The mortifications I endure, are too numerous for recapitulation; they are such as the merest grizzle never could bear; and, confessing myself not to be a mere chip in porridge, I cannot, in compliance with his wishes, allow black to be white. It was my fate to be the daughter of a pennyless officer, who was delighted at the idea of marrying his child to a man of respectability and wealth; and,

and, as my heart was unengaged, and Mr. W——'s person and manners unexceptionable, I readily consented to give him my hand. Though I admire the benevolence of my husband's character, (for I should fill a volume, was I to relate his extensive charitable deeds,) yet, so numerous are the peculiarities of his temper, that they totally destroy our domestic peace. He keeps a carriage, I allow, solely for my convenience; yet, even the building of it must be formed upon his own plan; and the arms of his family, from the hundred and fiftieth generation, are emblazoned upon its pannels, and make it appear like the vehicle of a mountebank; and I actually would rather walk ten miles in pattens, than get into a thing which appears as tawdry as a harlequin's dress. He is never happier, than when laying out his money upon my person; but, unfortunately, his taste and mine totally disagree; and as the tradespeople know price is no object to him, they impose upon his generosity, by getting rid of all the old-fashioned things in their shops; and only a few days ago, they actually persuaded him to purchase a dress for me, which I am convinced must have been worked five-and-twenty years. This antiquated piece of finery he expected would have delighted me; and because I protested I never would expose myself to ridicule, by wearing such a gown, he flew into a violent passion, and has never been in good humour since.

"But these, my dear Mentor, are not all the evils I have to encounter; for his intimate associates (a set of fusty old bachelors) torment me more than himself: they assemble in my drawing-room almost every evening, with as much familiarity as if my house was an *inn;* and, instead of endeavouring to render their conversation agreeable to me, they either begin an argument upon some logical subject, or endeavour to prove the inferiority of women to *men.* I sometimes amuse myself by turning the old quizzes into ridicule; at others, I endeavour to controvert the

the pedantic theories they advance; but these methods never fail to put my husband in a passion, as he has the most contemptible idea of the understanding of our sex.

"The favor I have to solicit from you, my dear Madam, is, to point out to my husband, the impropriety he commits, in requiring his wife to yield that implicit obedience to him, which would actually put me on a level with a slave; and I am convinced, if he perseveres in this mode of conduct, the affection I once felt will be converted into hate. If, through your representation, he should perceive the folly of his conduct, and treat me with the respect and confidence of a friend, I will do every thing in my power to promote his happiness, and prove the sincerity of my esteem. I have the honor of subscribing myself,

"Dear Madam,

"Your unknown admirer,

"ELIZA W——"

As I have already offered an opinion respecting the conduct of a married female, I shall beg leave to offer a few words of advice to the opposite sex, particularly to my irritable correspondent, who appears to me to be throwing his happiness away, by expecting that sort of implicit compliance with his wishes, which no woman of sense could condescend to pay.

Though in the article of dress, every lady ought to study to please her husband, yet it does not appear necessary to me, that she should entirely sacrifice her own taste; particularly if Mr. W—— suffers himself to be duped by his tradesmen, and purchases things for his wife, which no other lady would wear. Each sex, of course, must be the best judge of those separate departments, which Nature herself designed them to fill; and if a man chooses to infringe upon his wife's particular province, he may justly expect her to interfere with his horses and dogs.

I think

I think it reasonable that my correspondent should enjoy the society of his learned acquaintance: at the same time he ought to recollect, that politeness and attention are due to the woman of whom he has made choice; and it certainly cannot be very entertaining for her to listen to conversations in which she cannot take any share.

Though both letters appear to have been written under the impression of anger, yet I plainly perceive, that each party is attached; and sincerely lament they should suffer such insignificant trifles to diminish that happiness, which at *present* has not flown beyond their reach. Continued bickerings, however, will sap the foundation of affection; and indifference will soon supply the place of regard, unless each firmly resolves to study the wishes of the other, instead of fancying unbounded submission is due to themselves.

REMARKS

Addressed to the Gentlemen.

Truth should be told in strains refin'd,
Or it disgusts the feeling mind.

COULD the motive of every action, which bears the appearance of plausibility, be completely exposed to the view of mankind, in how different a light should we behold a variety of characters, whose chief study is to impose upon the world! How frequently does ostentation assume the appearance of benevolence! How many public charities proclaim munificent deeds! whilst the very being who voluntarily bestows hundreds to have his name transmitted to posterity, would deny the unprotected widow, and her helpless orphans, a morsel of his bread.

In condemning the conduct of individuals, let it not be supposed I mean to censure those noble institutions,

tutions, which afford an asylum to helplessness and disease; I only mean to reprobate those characters who ostentatiously give large sums to public charities, whilst they deny the slightest relief to private distress. Human nature may not inaptly be compared to a garden, where, in spite of the cultivator's hand, the weeds of vice will grow; and, vain as mankind appear of their imaginary superiority, the tares are generally found more numerous than the flowers.

I have been led to make this observation, from a paper signed FRANK, which I have just perused; but not with that complacent* smile which the author of it supposes, or with any emotions of resentment in my heart. I am inclined to believe, there are two motives which influence those who volunteer their advice; the one, in itself is completely amiable, whilst the other arises from arrogance of mind. I will not attempt to say which of these influences the gentleman I allude to; though he certainly has not adopted the persuasive style; and whilst he points out the errors some few of the sex are liable to, he takes not the slightest pains to make an impression upon their hearts.

That the eyes are an undoubted index to the sensations, no creature would be weak enough to deny; but the satire of this gentleman can only be levied at a mere wanton, destitute of feeling, delicacy, and taste. The female associates of this refined being, certainly do not redound much to his honor: where will he find a woman of delicacy, endeavouring to entrap the unwary with her eyes? or, like the torpedo, stupifying the senses of those *poor fellows* who are actually rendered immoveable by a look?

That many women are fond of admiration, I do not attempt to deny; but vanity is a failing no less conspicuous in these illustrious masters of the world; who are as anxious to receive a smile of approbation from

* See page 151, line the eleventh.

from the fair sex, as they are to hear their persons or understandings praised. "It is the custom of the male sex (observes this sagacious writer) to say what will please the ladies, rather than to indulge the practice of speaking *truth*:"* but, so far from the men of the present age appearing solicitous to render themselves agreeable, a marked indifference, bordering upon kindness, seems the criterion of being well-bred; and a young sprig of fashion would as soon think of supplying the place of a coachman, as pay a lady the civility of conducting her to her chair. Instead of those little attentions which every female is entitled to, a familiar smile, or French shrug, is all a lady now expects to receive: not that a woman of information regrets this change of manners; for how can intelligent conversation be expected from creatures without two ideas in their brain?

If smiling to show what nature has bestowed for use and ornament, is a failing in *one sex*, the other may be equally condemned; and if vanity and affectation is ridiculous in a female, it becomes absolutely contemptible in *men*. To prove, however, that I do not mean to be guilty of illiberality, or fall into an error which I have condemned, I confine my remarks to individuals, without attaching my censures to the generality of men. Intelligence of mind, and polish of manners, to the honor of human nature, are not entirely fled: but when I find the whole female sex illiberally classed among a herd of degenerate characters, some degree of asperity may be pardoned in my pen. Had the writer of the paper to which I have alluded, directed his satire against those females whose impropriety of conduct exposes them to contempt, the justice of his remarks would have prevented retaliation; but there is a want of generosity of sentiment which justly deserves to be condemned.

PAULIN;

* See page 152.

PAULIN;

OR,

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

[Continued from page 261.]

THE next morning we went to church, accompanied by Josephine's relations, Mr. Speckleer, M. Durant, Robert, and his wife; in short, the whole retinue of our friends, followed by a multitude of people, curious to see the happy Paulin, whose sudden fortune amazed the whole town. Mrs. Robert did not altogether escape some severe taunts, that were thrown out as she passed: 'She has lost (said they) a brilliant fortune, for giving way to her avarice, and abandoning her first lover.' The poor woman lost not a word of these remarks; but she had the courage to turn a deaf ear to them.

My marriage was splendid: for fifteen days we had nothing but a succession of *fêtes*, which the principal merchants of the town were eager to partake: it was a general rejoicing for every one; I dare even say it was enjoyed by the most indifferent, by those even who did not know me.

The happiness I felt was complete. My first trouble was the necessity of being separated from Mr. Speckleer, who, having remained a month with us, was obliged to return to Hambro'. Our separation was painful on both sides: he could not take his leave of us; and his departure at last left us a prey to the most sincere regret.

Aided by the credit of Mr. Speckleer, I made, during the two first years of my marriage, some speculations so fortunate, that I found myself already worth three hundred thousand franks; and it was certainly to the benevolent attentions of my protector, that I was indebted for them; he took care to inform me beforehand, of every Hambro' cargo that came into our port.

There

There was not any thing wanting to complete my felicity, but the happiness of once more seeing Captain Wilkes. I had received some of his letters, and we kept up a regular correspondence. I requested him to inform me, by every courier, if it was possible for him to come and see me; that, in case a voyage to Dunkirk was not allowed, I would not hesitate to visit him in London, to enjoy the pleasure of embracing him. In one of his last, he wrote me, that his desire to see me was as great as mine manifestly appeared to be; in consequence, he made me promise, if it did not interfere with my affairs, to repair to London.

I hesitated so much the less to undertake this voyage, as I had in my wife a second self. Josephine had made herself so well acquainted with the nature of our business, that she could act as my substitute in every case. Besides, M. and Mad. Bertrand had quitted their inn, and came to live with me; so that my wife did not remain alone.

I embarked for London; and you may judge of my surprise and grief, when I arrived at Captain Wilkes's, to find that he had been sent to Newgate the night before, under the accusation of having murdered a woman: this news made such a revolution in me, and affected me to such a degree, that I was obliged to be carried to a neighbouring house, and to receive the aid of the first advice that could be had. The next morning I felt myself somewhat better, and endeavoured to summon sufficient strength to go to the prison. They introduced me to the Captain's chamber: "Good heavens!" cried I, entering, and throwing myself into his arms, "is it really you, I find in this place of grief and terror?" "Even so, M. Paulin. I little thought, at our first interview, another like it would succeed; and you would find me in this place, charged with the weight of an accusation which makes nature shudder!"— "My dear Mr. Wilkes! I do not doubt but the ac-

cusation which weighs you down is false."—"Do you know it, M. Paulin?"—"Yes: but let your accusation be what it may, I cannot be persuaded but that you are innocent."—"Hear me attentively, M. Paulin. About six months ago, when I had just arrived from India, having engaged to go to Vauxhall, I met an old friend, who persuaded me to join a company he had to supper in one of the boxes in the gardens, which I accepted: the company, including myself, consisted of three ladies, and four gentlemen. My friend was so polite as to place me by the side of Mrs. Hanowan, who was the most amiable and witty of the three. As soon as supper was over, we took a few turns round the gardens: the cheerful and witty conversation of Mrs. Hanowan, inspired me with sentiments which I could not resist; I saw her home, and begged permission, on quitting her, to be allowed to visit her; to which she consented in the most gracious manner. Mrs. Hanowan was a woman about thirty years of age, of an expressive, majestic and imposing figure, and her features perfectly regular: the more I cultivated her acquaintance, the more I found my love for her increase. Her fortune was confined; but she spent much, having a very gay taste for jewels and dress. She had been six years a widow, and was too fond of independence, to contract a new engagement; which was as easy for me to see, as that I was not indifferent to her. I will hide nothing from you: we were weak, and lived together in the most perfect harmony, even to the dreadful moment, when the most cruel catastrophe caused a separation between us. I took a lodging in the same house with her: we ate at the same table; our purse, like our pleasures, was in common; amusements, walks, and society, the same: we were at all times together: a mere trifle was enough to give me inquietude; I perceived her frequently to fall into fits of profound melancholy; I surprised her writing and reading letters, which she hastily

hastily withdrew as soon as I appeared: this want of confidence could not but affect a mind sensible and delicate as mine was; how to conceive, in fact, that a woman, from whom I had nothing to hide, who even saw her ascendancy over me to be such, that I informed her of every trifle which concerned me, could make a mystery to me of the motive of her secret correspondence? Jealousy, that baleful passion, and appendage to a heart that loves, excited many curious scenes between us; but she remained as mysterious as ever.

"Three days ago, I was awaked, in the middle of the night, by a great noise. Alarmed at hearing cries in Mrs. Hanowan's apartments, I jumped out of bed, slipping on only my *robe de chambre*. I opened a secret door, that communicated with her apartment: judge, M. Paulin, of the fright with which I was seized, on seeing Mrs. Hanowan extended on the floor, pierced with many wounds, swimming in blood, dead, and grasping a handful of flaxen hair! The sight of this spectacle petrified me with horror; and I was obliged to be carried to bed.

"I had just fallen into a doze, when somebody entered my chamber: they were the officers of justice, who signified to me, that I must answer to the warrant that was directed against me, concerning the assassination of Mrs. Hanowan, of which I appeared to be the author.

"I spare you, Sir, the nomenclature of the different interrogations which were put to me, and my answers. But who can paint to you the horror with which my soul was seized, when they shewed me a bloody knife, which I knew to be mine; a shirt; two handkerchiefs, marked with my name; and all bloody? and what was worst, the hair found in one of Mrs. Hanowan's hands, which, compared with mine, was found not only of the same colour, but

appeared besides to be wanting in the fore part of my head.

"Sent away to this prison, my first care was to send for my counsel, Mr. Ridulph, a man of experience, and known to be a man of probity. I related to him the facts as I have related them to you. On leaving me, he made himself acquainted with the whole proceedings, and came last night to pay me a second visit. This worthy man did not dissemble with me, that the whole of the circumstances were absolutely against me. He had, for his own part, as well as all who knew me, a thorough conviction of my innocence; but those who were to be my judges, could only pronounce from the proofs of the crime of which I was accused. 'It does not belong to men (added he) to read the hearts of their brethren; and it is, without doubt, a great misfortune for them that need it. Do not, however, show a want of confidence in Providence, which often permits, by secret ways, that innocence be charged with all the appearance of guilt, to insure itself afterwards a splendid triumph. Resign yourself, then, to the loss of your liberty, and, for a short time, to the pain of passing, in the eyes of those who do not know you, for a culprit. Reflect, that the innocent who enfolds himself in his virtue, finds in all situations, where it pleases fortune to place him, consolatory means which cannot escape him. Adieu. I will see you often; and rest assured, that I will be as zealous in defending you, and convincing the judges of your innocence, as if I labored on my own account."

The trial of Captain Wilkes drew near; I saw him every day, as well as his counsel; the nearer it advanced, the less hope had we of saving him. Mr. Ridulph partook of my inquietude; the Captain alone, waited with calmness, the day appointed for his trial. Feeling minds only can conceive the mortal pangs with which my heart was pierced each moment of the day. I thought it best to let my wife remain

remain ignorant of the deplorable situation of my friend, well knowing how much it would afflict her, if she was made acquainted with it. God knows how much it cost me to assume an air of gaiety and ease in my letters, which prevented her from suspecting how far my voyage was from answering the original design with which I undertook it!

The day appointed for the trial of Captain Wilkes arrived. O dreadful day! and day of sorrow! why was it not the last of my life? Mr. Ridulph exerted all his abilities, the most convincing eloquence, and well adapted to affect all hearts, by giving a true picture of the Captain's virtues; a life of forty years devoted to the duties of a good citizen; the impossibility that a man, whose moral virtues were evidently in opposition to the idea of conceiving and executing such a crime—all was useless. The court was in tears; but the jury declared James Henry Wilkes guilty of the assassination of Mrs. Hanowan; and the law concerning murderers was applied by the judge; and, in consequence, the unfortunate Captain Wilkes was condemned to an ignominious death.

This dreadful sentence suspended all my faculties; I neither saw nor heard any thing; and it was some hours before I was restored to my senses, when I found myself in bed, surrounded by some compassionate souls, and Mr. Ridulph, who burst into tears. "They have condemned him! (cried I.) O God, enlighten our minds, that thy justice may appear! Restore to us the virtuous Wilkes."—"Calm yourself, M. Paulin; our friend is innocent; and if he terminates his career on the scaffold, the hearts of virtuous men, who know the error that the appearances of crime sometimes cause, will serve him as a temple, where his innocence will be inscribed. Here is a letter that this valuable friend has charged me with for you. He has received his sentence with the noble resignation of a good man, and is wholly resigned: nothing can alter in him, the dignity and

firmness which is the invariable companion of virtue. I have still remaining one weak hope of saving him; if he will but consent that I have recourse to the mercy of the Sovereign."—"But will he not, in this proceeding, fear a spot upon his honor?"—"No matter; I will try the means; it will give us time, which may bring forward favorable circumstances, so as to find out, perhaps, the real perpetrator of the crime." I opened Captain Wilkes's letter, and tears interrupted me frequently as I read it. I have preserved it faithfully, and here transcribe it:

"I have been witness to the violence of your grief, my friend, when the dispensers of the law declared me guilty, and condemned me to death. All that exists in nature is appointed to die. Without doubt, I shall have need of the succours of religion, to see without trembling, that fatal instant arrive, which cuts me off from the number of the living in so disgraceful a manner. My life has been wholly devoted to the service of my country; and in taking a retrospect of my actions, I feel, that almost all offer me the heartfelt consolation of having done my duty. I pardon the error of my judges; my heart feels no resentment against them; they thought, by devoting me to death, they were fulfilling the sacred duty of justice, which orders that he who renders himself guilty of murder, should be cut off from civil society. My relations and friends do not, nor ever will, believe that I have so far deviated from the rules of humanity and honor, as to sully myself with such a crime. I ought then to submit without a murmur, to the blow with which Providence has thought fit to strike me. You have given me proofs of your friendship, of your esteem and confidence; add thereto, one which will be to me of the most precious value, that of seeing the appointed instant of our separation arrive, with the same eye as if death had taken me away in my bed. I do not doubt but you will

preserve

preserve a lively remembrance of your friend in your heart; and, waiting the moment of our separation, do not deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you. Endeavour to acquire sufficient strength to support my presence, without your suffering the cruel pangs of grief. Visit me as a sick man, of whom the physicians have no hope; accustom yourself to the idea, that this death, far from being a painful task to me, is no more than a generous sacrifice, that I owe to the security of the laws of my country; and remember that sublime thought, expressed by a great poet of your nation,

"Crime makes the shame, and not the scaffold."

"I am then determined to support the ignominy attached to my dissolution, in a manner worthy of him who enfolds himself in the cloak of innocence. I expect you: to see you, is to me a happiness of too great value, for me to renounce the deprivation of it voluntarily.

"Your affectionate friend,

"WILKES."

Mr. Ridulph, after suffering my grief to subside, asked me if I felt sufficient strength to visit our unhappy friend. I answered him, whatever it might cost me, I would perform that duty, and not abandon him in his cruel misfortune. I dressed myself; and Mr. Ridulph, having ordered a coach, we got into it, and proceeded to Newgate, where we found Captain Wilkes, whose countenance was serene, and who received us with an effusion of the tenderest friendship.

My heart was broken with affliction: I made, however, every effort to hide from the Captain the torments I felt. I admired his courage, his composure, the desire he felt to avoid all conversation and allusions that bore on his trial, his judgment, and

approaching

approaching death. Mr. Ridulph accompanied me to the prison, at all times when his affairs permitted; he employed his credit, his friends, to obtain letters of the King, to grant him remission of the pain of death, but without success.

The evening prior to the day which was to terminate the career of Captain Wilkes, as I was alone with him, he prayed me to take charge of many important papers to be remitted to Mr. Speckleer. He afterwards said to me, "You are my friend, and I make no doubt but you will do me a service, the more important as it will tranquillize my last moments. In the unruly age of the passions, I made a connection with a young woman, by whom I had a son. The severity of my principles determined me to honor her with the title of wife, the instant I reached the age of twenty-one, if her conduct answered my expectations; but I had too many proofs that she had made herself unworthy this sacred name; which determined me to abandon her to her unworthy conduct. The abject life to which she reduced herself, caused her to be sent to prison, where she died, tormented with the pangs inseparable from debauch.

"Forced to abandon so debased a creature, I took charge of my child; I educated him in one of our northern counties. I neglected nothing to give him a suitable education, under a feigned name; and I have had no reason but to rejoice, for not having abandoned the pledge of an illegitimate union. All accounts that have been given me on returning home from my various voyages, have fortified in me the intention of being useful to this child, and to assure to him an honorable existence. He is ignorant who are his parents. I have never been able to undertake to make myself known to him for his father: his good conduct, his instruction, and the talents he has acquired, have determined my Lord G*** to take him for his Steward; this gentleman has a high esteem for him. I have insured an income of three hundred pounds

pounds sterling to Jonas Lank, (the name of my son;) I would join to it a sum of six thousand pounds sterling, which I have in bank bills, in this portfolio. Will you, my friend, repair to my Lord G***'s who lives in Brooke Street, and ask for Mr. Jonas Lank. You will tell him that his father, in his last moments, desirous of giving him a proof of his tender affection, has charged you to pay him that sum; that he recommends to him to continue by his actions, to merit the esteem of Lord G***, and that of all honest men. If he asks you after the name of his father, tell him it is a secret that has been confided to you, and which you cannot divulge; that it grieves him not to be able to press him to his heart in the last hours of his life; but he sends him his paternal benediction, praying heaven to confirm it to him. Go, my friend Paulin, run to Lord G***'s; and to-morrow morning you will give me an account of your conversation with my son. That will be the last day that we shall have to pass together."

These last words took from me the power of breathing; I threw myself in the arms of Captain Wilkes, without feeling strength enough to utter a word.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON INDOLENCE.

IF industry *is* no more than habit, it is, at least, an excellent one. "If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say, *indolence*. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

ON

ON THE

APPEARANCE OF GHOSTS, SPECTRES, &c.

IT is well known to medical men, though not publicly acknowledged by them, (as it may truly be said to afford them a never-failing harvest,) that nine-tenths of the disorders prevalent among the inhabitants of this country, arise from a derangement of the nervous system. When superstition and bigotry prevailed in England, if the minds of persons labouring under those disorders now termed nervous, were impressed with the idea of terrific appearances, through the medium of the equally impaired optic nerves, it was by the ignorant (for ignorant they were of the real cause) though artful priests, to subserve their own particular purposes, attributed to something supernatural. Hence arose the evil (one of the greatest that ever prevailed in England during the time of its baneful power) of Ghosts, Spirits, Apparitions, Spectres, &c. &c. in the imaginations of the uninformed multitude, infesting every churchyard, ruinated building, and desert or lonely place, in the kingdom. Indeed, in no one instance did the artful priests ever take a greater advantage of the credulity of the general body of the people, than in their infatuation (when it was once established) with respect to Ghosts and Apparitions; for at the very time they were impressing on the minds of those who did not reside within the religious houses, the absolute truth of their appearing to living persons, all those who were the inmates of those receptacles of indolence, sloth, and superstition, (to call them nothing worse,) were taught to believe quite the reverse; even to the very females; otherwise it would have been impossible for them to have got such a number of devotees cooped up within their cloistered walls; as the dreary appearance of the long dark aisles (if they had not been better informed) was sufficient to conjure

conjure up in the minds of the timid females, a ghost or apparition at every step they took.

To the establishment of the truth of the positive appearance to living persons, of the Ghosts and Apparitions of defunct ones, may in a very great degree be attributed, the debilitated state of great numbers of the present race of inhabitants of this country. The ancient Britons were as hardy a nation of people, according to every account transmitted down to us, as any then existing in Europe. Indeed, there is not any thing either in our soil* or climate, that could operate constitutionally to render them otherwise. Every one must be fully sensible, from experience, that nothing has a greater tendency to paralyse the human frame, and give it the most violent shocks, than the impulse of *fear*, particularly when impressed on the infant mind. After the false notion of the appearance of Ghosts, &c. was completely established, it became the too common practice of the people in general, more particularly in the provincial parts of England, by way of entertaining each other on a long winter's evening, to relate the prodigious sights that had appeared to them, in their disordered imaginations, on important occasions, and in particular situations. As these marvellous and fearful relations always took place when the whole family formed a group round the fire, and before the younger branches were put to bed, the attention with which the latter listened to such stories is no way astonishing; but the influence they had on their minds, and by consequence on their constitutions, to their posterity has been truly calamitous. Children from five to twelve, or even fourteen years of age, have been so paralysed with fear on such occasions, as to be incapable of moving from their seats; others thrown into fits of the most dreadful kind, from which their whole frames

* The English game-cock and bull-dog fully prove this, having never degenerated.

frames received such violent shocks, that their nerves were miserably impaired for the remainder of their lives. Ignorant of their situations, so far as related to their bodily health, when arrived at the years of maturity, as was natural, they entered into matrimonial alliances; and if (as was not unfrequently the case) the constitutions of both were equally delicate with respect to the nervous system, their offspring proved a puny, debilitated race. This was one of the first grand causes of that long train of disorders classed under the head of nervous affections, (as vapours, hypochondria, hysterics, &c. &c.) so particularly prevalent among females, whose frames are naturally more delicate than those of the other sex. To which may be added, continual unhappiness or vexation of mind, than which nothing tends more to enervate the human frame, not even intemperance or debauchery.

From the foregoing statement, it will no doubt naturally occur to every tender and affectionate parent, how cautious and circumspect they ought to be in the establishment of a nursery, in selecting every description of persons to whom they intrust the care of their offspring; as it not unfrequently happens, that both nurses, and nursery-maids, have taken great pains to collect a budget of those wonderful and marvellous stories, which they generally relate to frighten the children into good behaviour, and prevent them from being refractory, without reflecting on the consequences that may result from their so doing.

Though past bad effects cannot be removed, it is our duty to do away, as much as possible, any future ones, that may otherwise arise from causes of a similar description. Indeed, in the Metropolis, the idea of Ghosts, Apparitions, and Spirits, is pretty well removed from the minds of nine-tenths of the inhabitants: and in the provincial parts of England, it is to be hoped, from the great source of information they derive from books, and other means, it will not be long

before sentiments of a similar nature are entertained of such aerial and imaginary creations. But as great numbers of well-informed, well-educated, and very sensible females, (and even males,) from a delicacy of their frames, and a derangement or weakness of the optic nerves, have, at times, imaginary figures floating before their eyes, which, from fear, and other causes, are often by them conceived (in particular situations, and under peculiar circumstances) to be what has been erroneously called Ghosts, Spirits, or Apparitions, of departed persons, we shall here introduce, for their further information, and to convince them there is no truth at all in the existence of such things, but that they are merely phantoms of the imagination, an extract from a Memoir presented by M. Nicolai, a Member of the Royal Society of Berlin, to that institution, on the subject of a complaint with which he himself was affected, and one of the singular consequences of which was, the representation of various Spectres to his view. He has investigated the subject in a most scientific manner, and with the coolness and deliberation naturally to be expected from a philosopher, as well as a medical man. After a detailed account of the state of his health, he gives the following interesting narrative.

"In the first two months of the year 1791, I was much affected in my mind by several incidents of a very disagreeable nature; and on the 24th of February a circumstance occurred which irritated me extremely. At ten o'clock in the forenoon my wife and another person came to console me; I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief; when suddenly I observed at the distance of ten paces from me a figure—the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she did not see it. She saw nothing, but being much alarmed, endeavoured to compose me, and sent for the

physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm: and as I was extremely exhausted, I soon afterwards fell into a troubled kind of slumber, which lasted for half an hour. The vision was ascribed to the great agitation of mind in which I had been, and it was supposed I should have nothing more to apprehend from that cause; but the violent affection having put my nerves into some unnatural state, from this arose further consequences, which require a more detailed description.

"In the afternoon, a little after four o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone when this happened; a circumstance which, as may be easily conceived, could not be very agreeable. I went therefore to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. But thither also the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it vanished; but it was always the same standing figure. A little after six o'clock several stalking figures also appeared; but they had no connection with the standing figure. I can assign no other reason for this apparition, than that, though much more composed in my mind, I had not been able so soon entirely to forget the cause of such deep and distressing vexation, and had reflected on the consequences of it, in order, if possible, to avoid them; and that this happened three hours after dinner, at the time when the digestion just begins.

"At length I became more composed with respect to the disagreeable incident which had given rise to the first apparition; but though I had used very excellent medicines, and found myself in other respects perfectly well, yet the apparitions did not diminish, but on the contrary rather encreased in number, and were transformed in the most extraordinary manner.

"After I had recovered from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they

they really were, the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavoured, as much as possible, to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me. I observed these phantoms with great accuracy, and very often reflected on my previous thoughts, with a view to discover some law in the association of ideas, by which exactly these or other figures might present themselves to the imagination. Sometimes I thought I had made a discovery, especially in the latter period of my visions; but on the whole, I could trace no connection which the various figures that thus appeared and disappeared to my sight, had, either with my state of mind, or with my employment, and the other thoughts which engaged my attention. After frequent accurate observations on the subject, having fairly proved and maturely considered it, I could form no other conclusion on the cause and consequence of such apparitions, than that when the nervous system is weak, and at the same time too much excited, or rather deranged, similar figures may appear in such a manner as if they were actually seen and heard; for these visions in my case were not in consequence of any known law of reason, of the imagination, or of the otherwise usual association of ideas; and such also is the case with other men, as far as we can reason from the few examples we know.

"The origin of the individual pictures which present themselves to us, must undoubtedly be sought for in the structure of that organization by which we think; but this will always remain no less inexplicable to us than the origin of these powers, by which consciousness and fancy are made to exist.

"The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day; but several other figures shewed themselves afterwards very distinctly; sometimes such as I knew, mostly, however, of persons I did not know; and amongst those known

to me, were the semblances of both living and deceased persons, but mostly the former; and I made the observation, that acquaintances with whom I daily conversed, never appeared to me as phantasms; it was always such as were at a distance. When these apparitions had continued some weeks, and I could regard them with the greatest composure, I afterwards endeavoured, at my own pleasure, to call forth phantoms of several acquaintance, whom I for that reason represented to my imagination in the most lively manner, but in vain. For however accurately I pictured to my mind the figures of such persons, I never once could succeed in my desire of seeing them *externally;* though I had some short time before seen them as phantoms, and they had perhaps afterwards unexpectedly presented themselves to me in the same manner. The phantasms appeared to me in every case involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally, like the phenomena in nature, though they certainly had their origin internally; and at the same time I was always able to distinguish with the greatest precision, phantasms from phenomena. Indeed, I never once erred in this, as I was in general perfectly calm and self-collected on the occasion. I knew extremely well, when it only appeared to me that the door was opened, and a phantom entered, and when the door really was opened, and any person came in.

"It is also to be noted, that these figures appeared to me at all times, and under the most different circumstances, equally distinct and clear; whether I was alone, or in company, by broad day-light equally as in the night time, in my own as well as in my neighbour's house; yet when I was at another person's house they were less frequent; and when I walked the public street they very seldom appeared. When I shut my eyes, sometimes the figures disappeared, sometimes they remained even after I had closed them. If they vanished in the former case, on opening my

eyes

eyes again, nearly the same figures appeared which I had seen before.

"I sometimes conversed with my physician and my wife, concerning the phantasms which at the time hovered around me; for in general the forms appeared oftener in motion than at rest. They did not always continue present; they frequently left me altogether, and again appeared for a shorter or a longer space of time, singly or more at once; but, in general, several appeared together. For the most part I saw human figures of both sexes; they commonly passed to and fro as if they had no connection with each other, like people at a fair where all is bustle; sometimes they appeared to have business with one another. Once or twice I saw amongst them persons on horseback, and dogs and birds; these figures all appeared to me in their natural size, as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, with the several tints on the uncovered parts of the body, and with all the different kinds of colors of clothes. But I think, however, that the colors were somewhat *paler* than they are in nature.

"None of the figures had any distinguishing characteristic; they were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive; most of them were ordinary in their appearance—some were even agreeable.

"On the whole, the longer I continued in this state, the more did the number of phantasms increase, and the apparitions became more frequent. About four weeks afterwards, I began to hear them speak: sometimes the phantasms spoke with one another; but for the most part they addressed themselves to me: those speeches were in general short, and never contained any thing disagreeable. Intelligent and respected friends often appeared to me, who endeavoured to console me in my grief, which still left deep traces in my mind. This speaking I heard most frequently when I was alone; though I sometimes heard it in company, intermixed with the conversation of

real persons; frequently in single phrases only, but sometimes even in connected discourse.

"Though at this time I enjoyed rather a good state of health, both in body and mind, and had become so very familiar with these phantasms, that at last they did not excite the least disagreeable emotion, but, on the contrary, afforded me frequent subjects for amusement and mirth; yet as the disorder sensibly increased, and the figures appeared to me for whole days together, and even during the night, if I happened to awake, I had recourse to several medicines, and was at last again obliged to have recourse to the application of leeches to the anus.

"This was performed on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. I was alone with the surgeon; but during the operation, the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crouded fast one on another; this continued till half past four o'clock, exactly the time when the digestion commences. I then observed that the figures began to move more slowly; soon afterwards the colors became gradually paler, and every seven minutes they lost more and more of their intensity, without any alteration in the distinct figure of the apparitions. At about half past six o'clock all the figures were entirely white, and moved very little; yet the forms appeared perfectly distinct; by degrees they became visibly less plain, without decreasing in number, as had often formerly been the case. The figures did not move off, neither did they vanish, which also had usually happened on other occasions. In this instance they dissolved immediately into air; of some even whole pieces remained for a length of time, which also by degrees were lost to the eye. At about eight o'clock there did not remain a vestige of any of them, and I have never since experienced any appearance of the same kind."

THE

THE STORM.

THE evening was dark and gloomy; the thunder rolled sullenly at a distance, whilst the pale lightning gleamed faintly in the horizon. All nature seemed to pause, as if expecting the last convulsive shock. "'Tis likely to prove a dreadful night," said Peter to his wife, as they sat with their son and daughter, fearfully watching the approach of the storm. "Hark! how the sea-gulls scream! see how they hover in the air! Pray Heaven protect poor souls at sea." "Amen," said Hannah. "How fortunate you returned from fishing so soon!" "I saw the coming tempest, good wife, and bustled myself in pushing towards shore: but let us not lose time in useless talk, when, perhaps, some poor shipwrecked wretches may want our assistance. Do you and Fanny fetch some faggots, and make a fire, whilst I step down with Philip to the beach, and see if any vessel is near. If, Hannah, we should (under divine Providence) be the humble means of saving *one* life this night, we shall not have lived in vain."

The thunder now burst in dreadful peals over their little hut; and the frequent vivid flashes of lightning made them tremble as they shot their forked rays across their roof of thatch. Hannah and Fanny, with tottering steps, hastened to the wood-house for fuel: at the same time Peter, with his son, buttoned on their fisherman's coats, and each taking a lighted torch, braved the fury of the tempest as they bent their way towards the sea-shore. Here the storm was dreadful beyond description: the sea appeared a liquid torrent of fire, as it rose to meet the blazing sky. Deep thunder reverberated through the rocks with horrid noise. The anxious and nearly appalled fishermen waved their torches on high, in hopes their friendly rays would catch the sight of any distressed vessel that might be driven towards the coast. Amid the

the pauses of the storm, they thought they could distinguish the cries of distress: they strained their sight across the deep, and perceived, by the incessant blaze of lightning, a ship struggling to ride out the storm: at one moment it seemed to touch the sky, then instantly was plunged into the fiery ocean. Peter and Philip hallooed with all their might, and again waved their torches with frantic eagerness. But the thunder mocked their efforts, and roared a loud defiance to their cries. The vessel was still in sight, and labouring to reach the spot where they were standing, when suddenly it seemed lifted in the air, and then with fury dashed into the merciless deep. A scream, a horrid scream succeeded, and all was hushed. Peter and his son gazed on each other in speechless agony; then directed their despairing looks towards the dreadful scene of terror. And now the storm, as if fully glutted with the sacrifice of the poor sinking victims of its rage, was slowly abating! Still the waves dashed with ungovernable fury, and rolling towards the shore, carried on their agitated bosoms large pieces of the wreck, nearly washing them to the feet of Peter and his son, who stood rivetted to the fatal spot. "Look, Father!" exclaimed Philip; "is not that a body floating this way? and yet it seems a strange shape." Just as he had uttered these words, a wave rolling furiously, threw the object of his observations on the sands. Philip flew to the spot; and, as a second wave was preparing to return it to the treacherous element, he lifted it from the ground, and hastened, as fast as his burthen would permit, to the place he had left, as more secure from danger. "It is a woman," said he to his father, "and a sweet baby locked fast in her arms. Alas! I am afraid I have snatched them from the sea too late; life seems totally gone." "Bear them to our hut, my son; and leave them to your mother's care, whilst you run to the village for a doctor. I will stay here a while; perchance

chance some other poor souls may be washed ashore; and I cannot quit the place so long as any hopes remain of being useful to my fellow-creatures." Philip soon arrived at home with his unfortunate charge. His mother and sister were watching at the door, in anxious expectation of their return: they assisted him to place the lady on the bed; and Hannah, with a gentle force, disengaged the infant from the tight embrace of its lovely parent, (as they imagined her to be,) and consigned it to the care of Fanny, who pressed the cold but beauteous cheek of the unconscious babe to hers, and folding it to her bosom, wept over its early fate with a fond mother's care. She stripped it of its sea-drenched robes, and chafed its little limbs before the fire. Soon she thought she could feel a faint motion of its heart; and soon, with a transport of delight, she saw its sparkling black eyes unclose; and fixing on hers with a smile, it thanked her for her tender care. Worlds could not have purchased the delightful emotions that played around her heart, when she perceived the babe's returning animation: with grateful joy she raised her eyes to Heaven; and wrapping the wearied boy (who had again closed his eyes in a sweet slumber) in warm flannel, she carried him into the next room, where her mother was employed in fruitless endeavours to restore the lady. Philip, who had been some time gone for the doctor, now entered with him; and at the same instant Peter arrived, bearing on his shoulders the apparently lifeless body of a young man, whose dress bespoke him of superior order. Philip eased his father of his sad load, and conveyed it to his own bed; that of his father being occupied by the lady, to whom the doctor was now introduced. Having examined the body, he declared his opinion that life was not entirely extinct; but that there was very little hope, unless they implicitly obeyed his directions. This they promised faithfully; and he commenced his operations. For a long time they

despaired

despaired of success: at length a deep sigh announced to them the joyful tidings that she yet breathed: they redoubled their exertions, eager to preserve her. In a short time she opened her eyes; and having looked wildly round the room, with another deep-drawn sigh she closed them, as they feared, for ever. The family were on the point of betraying their grief by loud lamentations, when the doctor checked them. "Be silent, (said he;) she has fallen into a sound sleep. Nature is exhausted, and requires rest: keep the room quiet. I will now attend the gentleman: good Peter, shew me where he is." They soon reached the small apartment, and found Philip standing by the bedside, and gazing in mournful silence on the unhappy object lying before him, whose eyes were rivetted on his with a vacant stare, whilst strong convulsive sobs alone gave intimation of his existence. "How long has the gentleman been in this way, my lad?" inquired the doctor. "Nearly half an hour, Sir," replied Philip. "But I feared to call you from the lady." "You acted right; there is nothing dangerous in these symptoms; his mind suffers more than his body: some dreadful thought preys upon it, which he in vain endeavours to recollect clearly." He now approached the bed, and took the hand of the poor sufferer, who instantaneously withdrew his eyes from Philip, and fixing them on the doctor, sighed out, "My wife, my boy!" Then burst into a violent hysteric flood of tears. "This is favourable, (resumed the doctor:) when he has given free vent to his grief, his mind will become calm: and I trust the sweet young creature below, and her lovely babe, will complete his recovery; for I have no doubt of their being the objects whose loss he mourns." The violence of his grief seemed now subsiding; and with a faint voice he inquired where he was, and who had been so cruel as to snatch him from the grave where all his fondest hopes were buried. "I hope not, your Honor.

Honor, (said Peter.) God be praised you are preserved. I saw you struggling with the waves, and, though somewhat old, I trusted in that Almighty Power, who has aided my honest endeavours through life, to enable me to save you: I plunged into the foaming sea, your Honor, and seized you as you were sinking. Being a tolerable swimmer, and not far from shore, I was able to support you till I reached land; and, thanks be to God, who has made me the weak instrument of your preservation." "Fatal, fatal humanity! (murmured the unhappy youth:) but for that, I had been ere now reunited to my beloved Elinor, and my cherub boy." "You must not give way to despair, (said the doctor;) it will retard your recovery. Besides, 'tis impious to arraign the decrees of Providence, who orders all for the best: and who can tell but the same Divine Power whose mercy preserved you, may have extended his goodness to others, and your wife and child may yet live to bless you?" "Impossible! I saw them sink: a cruel wave tore them from my arms: they sunk, and rose no more. Why then should I live? It would have been mercy to have left me to my fate." As he was speaking, Fanny, with joy glowing on her countenance, rushed into the room; "The lady lives! (said she to the doctor:) she is awake, and wishes to see you." "What lady?" inquired the agitated stranger, starting up in the bed. "The lady and her child, that my brother saved from the wreck." "'Tis my wife, my dearest Elinor, (he exclaimed.) Merciful Heaven be praised! O, God, forgive my rash murmurings, and receive my thanks. But where's my boy?" "A sleep by the side of the lady, Sir," answered Fanny, viewing him with astonishment mingled with pleasure. "O, suffer me to see her, (said he, turning to the doctor,) to clasp her and my child again to this throbbing heart, and I'll for ever bless you. Perhaps she now laments my loss, not knowing that I still live to guard

and

and protect her from every ill." "On no account would I permit you to visit her in the state you are now in; endeavour to calm your perturbed spirits; and when I can, without danger, bring you to each other, depend on it I will. Try to rest: I must now attend your lady; and at my return, I hope to find you sufficiently composed, to render it unnecessary to oppose your wishes any longer." He then proceeded to the lady, whom he found sensible, but very weak. She was leaning over her sleeping babe, whose beauteous face she deluged with tears. "Poor fatherless boy," she sadly sighed out as the doctor entered, and took her hand, to feel if she was sufficiently recovered to bear the happy tidings he had to communicate. He found her more composed than he had reason to expect. In the tenderest manner he imparted to her the news that her husband still survived. She heard the welcome tidings with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and begged to see him. The doctor finding there would be no danger in acceding to her wishes, promised to grant her request; and, with pleasure beaming in his face, he returned to the stranger, who had just awakened from a refreshing slumber. Having assisted him to rise, and dress himself in such apparel as the limited wardrobe of Philip would produce, he attended him to the apartment of the lady. At the door he again requested him to be calm, as he could not answer for the effects any sudden emotion might have on the harrassed spirits of the lady. "I will, I will, indeed, be calm; only let me see her." The doctor threw open the door, and in an instant he clasped his beloved partner to his breast. "My Elinor!" "My Henry!" was all they could utter. The doctor withdrew for a short time, thinking his presence might be a restraint on their feelings; and wishing to indulge his own in a way that, to the callous mind, would appear unmanly. Having recovered himself, he re-entered the apartment, and found them tranquilly

quilly enjoying each others society. The child, too, had awakened with the fervency of his delighted father's caresses, and lay smiling in his face; whilst his little chubby hand encircled one of his fingers. "What a charming picture of wedded love!" (said he, as he entered:) may ye long, very long, remain a blessing to each other, and to your charming boy." They thanked him for his friendly wishes, and then requested to see the good family whose humanity had saved their lives. Peter, his wife, and children, gladly obeyed the summons; for it was with reluctance they had retired previous to the interview. "In what way can we express our gratitude to the preservers of our lives and happiness? (said Henry to them as they entered the room:) words will but slightly convey to you the extent of my feelings. Never shall I be able to repay your hospitality." "Heaven has fully repaid us, your Honor, in restoring yourself, your lady, and son, to our earnest prayers." "'Tis a poor recompense for your trouble, honest Peter, (replied Henry:) you deserve a richer reward. My fortune is ample; command it to the utmost: never can I make you sufficient amends. Tell me how I can serve you." "Since your Honor is so good, (replied Peter, bowing,) I will make free to beg the favor, that if you should ever come this way, you will not overlook our poor hut. To hear of the welfare of your lady and son, and sometimes to see you all, is the sweetest recompense you can make us." "I should be unworthy to live, could I refuse so kind a request. Never, my dear Peter, will this hospitable roof, or its worthy inhabitants, be blotted from my memory. Nor shall you be obliged to toil from morn till night for a scanty subsistance, whilst I have it in my power to render the rest of your days comfortable. I will hear of no refusal: (for Peter was going to reply.) All I can do will but poorly repay the obligation I feel myself under to you." In a few days, Elinor being re-

covered, they bid an affectionate adieu to Peter and his family, who parted from them with regret; nor did they omit their warmest acknowledgments to the worthy doctor for his kind attention, promising to repay him as soon as they arrived in London; all the property they had with them being lost in the ill-fated vessel. Fanny, at parting, pressed the rosy cheek of the little Henry to her lips, who clung around her neck as if grieved to quit her. They soon reached the metropolis; and it was not long before Peter was put in possession of a comfortable competency, which enabled him and Hannah to pass their declining years in peace and ease. Once in every year were they visited by the ever grateful Henry, accompanied by Elinor and their son. When seated at the friendly fireside of their aged host, they talked of past events with saddened pleasure, mingled with a thankful adoration of that Divine Power, whose goodness watched over them amidst the war of elements. Nor did Peter or Philip ever cease to bless the impulse that taught them to brave the fury of the storm, and led them to the spot where they were made the happy instruments of rescuing so much worth and beauty from an untimely grave.

April 10th, 1805. SUSAN.

ON A TRANQUIL LIFE.

A CALM and tranquil life renders the indulgence of sensual pleasures less dangerous. The theatre of sensuality exhibits scenes of waste and brutality, of noisy mirth and tumultuous riot; presents to observation, pernicious goblets, overloaded tables, lascivious dancing, receptacles for disease, tombs with faded roses, and all the dismal haunts of pain. But to him who retires in detestation from such gross delights, the joys of sense are of a more elevated kind; soft, sublime, pure, permanent, and tranquil. Z.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT-GARDEN.

April, 15.

TO night was produced a Grand Serious Ballet of Action, called *Aggression; or, The Heroine of Yucatan.* The songs by Mr. T. DIBDIN; the music by Mr. RUSSEL and Mr. WARE; the whole under the direction of Mr. FARLEY. It certainly is not one of the happiest of his efforts; it is tedious and heavy, and has no comic scene to enliven or give variety to the performance. The plot exposes Spanish perfidy, displays Indian hospitality, and British valour, in the persons of a British Captain, a Spanish Captain, and an Indian Savage and his family, of which Mrs. ST. LEGER was the heroine. The Overture is pretty, and the scenery beautiful, particularly that of the sea-fight. The Ballet was announced for second representation, and received with reiterated plaudits.

April 18.

To night a new Comedy, intitled *Who wants a Guinea?* was performed at this Theatre: the principal Characters were thus represented:

Dorville, - - - - -	Mr. KEMBLE.
Torrens, - - - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Sir Larry, - - -	Mr. LEWIS.
Bang, - - - - -	Mr. EMERY.
Heartly, - - - -	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Jonathan Old Skirt, - -	Mr. SIMMONS.
Solomon Gundy, - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Henry, - - - -	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Rustic, - - - -	Mr. WADDY.
Housekeeper, - - -	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Fanny, - - - -	Mrs. GIBBS.
Maid, - - -	Miss WADDY.

The Prologue, which recited the several productions of Mr. COLMAN, announced that Gentleman the Author of the present Piece. It concluded with the two following lines:

"And tho', POOR GENTLEMAN, his heart is full,
"He claims no merit, truly, for JOHN BULL."

The scene is laid in England.—*Mr. Torrens*, a man of the most generous disposition, goes down to the country to take possession of an estate which he has purchased, resolved to spend his large fortune in diffusing happiness around him. A dreadful fire had destroyed a great part of the neighbouring village, upon the eve of his arrival: such is the excess of his benevolence, that he rejoices in the event, because it affords him an opportunity of relieving the sufferers. Among the persons whom he first meets at a neighbouring inn is *Dorville*, an old officer, who had escaped with difficulty from the fury of the flames, with the miserable remnant of his property tied up in a bundle. *Torrens* presses him to accept a sum of money, but in a manner that hurts his pride, and the offer is refused with indignation. Resolved, however, not to be put out of his way, *Torrens* contrives to slip his pocket-book, with a large sum of money, into the bundle, which *Dorville* carries away, unconscious of this addition to its contents. *Torrens* is followed by *Fanny*, a beautiful young girl, whom he has hired to be his housekeeper in the country, accompanied by *Jonathan Old Skirt*, an humble and benevolent London shopkeeper, who had been very kind to her, and comes to see her settled in her new place. They are accidentally separated, and *Fanny* proceeds, in mistake, to a wrong house. It is the seat of a nobleman, and is inhabited by *Sir Larry*, an Irish Baronet, who had lost all his fortune at play, and is sent there out of the way of his creditors; *Bang*, a drunken Yorkshire huntsman; and *Mrs. Hardbottle*, an old housekeeper.

keeper. Here *Fanny* is in a most embarrassed state, arising from the jealousy of the old housekeeper, who thinks she comes to supplant her; and the addresses of *Sir Larry*, assisted by the drunken Yorkshireman. Meanwhile, *Jonathan Old Skirt* goes to the house of *Torrens*, who supposes him to be a new land steward, employed by his agent in London. A scene ensues, in which the *equivoque* is well managed. It is closed by *Dorville*, who, having discovered the pocket-book in his bundle, comes to return it to *Torrens*. Any interest which the piece possesses, commences here. From a letter in the pocket-book, from *Fanny* to her master, *Dorville* discovers that *Torrens* is the brother of an officer, since dead, who had seduced his wife; and that *Fanny* is his only daughter, whom her mother had carried off, and he had never seen nor heard of since her infancy. All parties now join in pursuit of *Fanny*, in which they are assisted by *Henry*, a young sailor, her lover; and she is at last traced to the house inhabited by *Sir Larry*, where she is discovered. and restored to her friends, who bestow her hand upon her lover; while *Torrens*, by discharging a large debt, due by his brother to *Dorville*, enables them all to live happy.

Such are the materials of which this piece is composed. It has little in it to satisfy the cold and rigid rules of criticism; but those, who, if they be pleased, care not why or wherefore, will derive from it much gratification. It abounds in whimsical metaphors and allusions, curious sentiments, and quaint expressions; which, though they seldom rise to sterling wit, diffuse a life, spirit and glitter all through the piece, that forcibly strike the fancy, and produce a constant smile. There is scarcely an appeal to the heart from beginning to the end. With the exception of *Dorville*, the old officer, and he does not fill a large place in the picture, it is all light without shade, and much in the style of a broad farce. The characters of necessity are drawn in caricature, and as such we do not find fault with them; but in that

of *Sir Larry*, there is a coarseness that is sometimes offensive. It possesses a lowness of sentiment, and a vulgarity of language, more becoming an Irish chairman than an Irish Baronet. The part was supported by Mr. LEWIS, who did not spare pains upon it; but it is not exactly suited to him, and would perhaps be more in the way of Mr. JOHNSTONE. *Solomon Gundy* is a grotesque figure, who excites constant laughter by his curious pronunciation and mistakes in the English language. The effect is heightened by the introduction of French phrases, in which he makes equal havoc. He is an isolated character; but this objection applies equally to several others, as they are brought forward for the purpose of striking effect, and not as essential parts of a regular and well-concerted plot; a merit to which the piece has little claim. We repeat, however, that the Author seems to have no object in view, but to make his audience merry, and that for this purpose he has employed strong colours and caricature. If he has succeeded by these means, he is surely entitled to more praise, than if he produced a cold and insipid piece in delicate colours, and the finest proportions. The effect is every thing; and it is ungrateful to find fault with the means of pleasing, when an audience must confess, that they are actually pleased. Such was the result of the piece: It excited successive peals of laughter, until the very close, when a partial and very unexpected expression of displeasure manifested itself for the first time in the course of the night. Mr. FAWCETT, in *Solomon Gundy*; Mr. EMERY, in *Bang*; Mr. MUNDEN, in *Torrens*; and Mr. KEMBLE, in the high-spirited old officer, exerted themselves with the happiest success. We have seldom seen Mr. WADDY to more advantage than in the surly boor; and Miss WADDY, in the *Maid*, was simple and interesting. The house overflowed with a brilliant audience; and, although the piece is inferior to most of Mr. COLMAN'S productions, it will probably prove attractive during the remainder of the season.

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

The Complaynt of Scotland. Written in 1548. *With a preliminary Dissertation, and Glossary.* 4*to.* 2*l.* 2*s.* 8*vo.* 1*l.* 5*s. Boards.*

When we state the pressure of urgent claims on our labours as an apology for our tardy notice of this publication, we are far from insinuating any thing like disrespect to the editor or to his laudable exertions. On the contrary, we are fully aware that, as a relic of the language of North Britain, and as a specimen of the political compositions of the sixteenth century, the Complaynt of Scotland, which had become extremely rare, was well worthy of the illustrative talents of a judicious and lettered antiquary.

The pliancy and versatility of genius manifested by Mr. Leyden, to whom we owe this impression, bespeak a mind of no ordinary resources. On more occasions than one, we have mentioned his poetical effusions with commendation: in the volume before us, he appears to singular advantage in the more sober and self-denying character of an editor and commentator. *Monthly Review.*

Adeline Mowbray; or, the Mother and Daughter: a Tale, in Three Vols. By Mrs. Opie. 13*s.* 6*d.*

We always feel great satisfaction in taking up a work which has employed the ingenuity and talents of Mrs. Opie, and it is but justice to confess, that our expectations have never been disappointed. What we have looked for from her invention, we have rarely missed; and what we have thought due from her powers of description and pathos, has almost invariably been meted to us in a measure overflowing. Adeline Mowbray abounds in all these desirable qualities, and will be read with infinite interest and no small degree of instruction. *Monthly Mirror.*

Oriental Tales. Translated into English Verse. By J. Hoppner, Esq. R. A. Crown 8*vo. pp.* 123. 7*s.*

With respect to the Tales, we have read them with great pleasure. In an easy style of poetical narrative, often enlivened by incidental strokes of original reflection, this author has versified eight tales; several

several of them well known, but all rendered pleasing, and in some measure new, by the mode of narration. They are taken, as he acknowledges in the preface, from various books. The first, second, fourth, and sixth, from the *Tooti Nameh*, or Tales of the Parrot; the third from one related in the second volume of Mr. Beloe's Miscellanies; the fifth from the Heetopades; and the seventh and eighth from the Fabliaux of Le Grand, transferring the scenery to the east for the sake of uniformity. The first tale, of the Ass and the Stag, we had seen and admired, when anonymously printed in the Pic-Nic. It is told with great humour. The determined resolution of the ass to sing, in spite of the remonstrances of his companion upon the danger of it, is extremely laughable; and reminds us of some adventures we have occasionally had with authors. *British Critic.*

The Divina Commedia of Dante Alighieri: consisting of the Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso. Translated into English Verse, with Preliminary Essays, Notes, and Illustrations. By the Rev. Henry Boyd, A. M. Three Vols. 8vo. 1l. 7s. Boards.

As the father of Italian poetry, and as a bold original genius, Dante has high claims to the respect and gratitude of posterity. Mr. Boyd has executed an entire English version of the Commedia with a degree of success which has surpassed our expectations. The ideas of the original are, on the whole, faithfully rendered; at least, according to the most approved interpretations. The genuine spirit of poetry likewise pervades most of the striking passages; while the kind of measure which has been selected is more adapted to the genius of English versification, than the interminable rhyme of the original, and leaves the translator more at ease to dilate the scanty expressions of his author into perspicuous and flowing diction. *Monthly Review.*

A complete Analysis of the German Language; or a philological and grammatical View of its Construction, Analogies, and various Properties. By Dr. Render. 8vo. pp. 352. 12s.

The study of the German language has of late become much more general and extensive, its merits have been more minutely investigated, and its value more fully ascertained. The student has, however, long felt the want of an able guide to direct his course, and assist him in the attainment of his wishes; not but many German grammars have already been offered to the public; but the greater part hitherto published have either been too concise, or too widely diffuse, for the object which they have undertaken. A general analysis of the language was still wanting; and to Dr. Render

the

the praise is at least due, of having more liberally contributed to the advancement of German literature than any that have professed the same object, or trod the same path before him. *British Critic.*

A Picture of Worthing. By John Evans, A. M. 2s. 6d.

The village of Worthing, now a pleasant and considerable watering-place, was, not many years ago, composed only of a few fishermen's huts. The situation is agreeable, the accommodation is good, and the vicinity is delightful. The fish is peculiarly excellent. There are two inns in the place, the one kept by *Mrs. Hogsflesh*, and the other by *Mrs. Bacon*. These, with a variety of other particulars, are related by the author of this little volume in a concise and easy style. His description of the vicinity of Worthing is amusing and instructive. The account of Arundel Castle, and the miller's tomb, is minute, and at the same time spirited and pleasant. *Literary Journal.*

Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern: to which are added a Table of Chronology, and a Comparative View of Ancient and Modern Geography. Illustrated by Maps. Two Vols. 8vo. 12s. Boards.

The undertaking, in the present instance, has been executed very much to our satisfaction; and we have no hesitation in recommending these volumes in the strongest terms, as forming a masterly introduction to the study of history; as deserving equally the perusal of the adept and the novice; and as calculated to satisfy the expectations of the one, while they rouse the curiosity and animate the inquiry of the other. *Monthly Review.*

The Lake of Killarney. A Novel. In Three Volumes. By Anna Maria Porter, Author of Octavia, Walsh Colville, &c. &c. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The preface to this novel is so modest and short, and (as we find) so just, that we need do little more than extract the greater part of it. "It makes no pretensions to any praise but that of inoffensiveness: it was written at different times, merely as an amusement for the languid hours which followed long and repeated fits of sickness; and is not, therefore, brought forward now as a candidate for literary honors. I have no hesitation in publishing such a production, for this reason; hundreds of novels are brought out every year, and some have the most pernicious tendency, yet all are eagerly read: there *are* people who read nothing else; and, if one harmless romance (which, without aiming to inculcate any great moral lesson, still endeavours to draw amiable portraits of virtue) can occupy those hours which would otherwise have been employed in imbibing the poison of licentiousness or infidelity, surely the writer is not reprehensible for having printed it?" This

This is our fourth interview with the fair author; we find her greatly improved since the last; and we trust that our acquaintance will soon ripen into a cordial friendship. *British Critic.*

A View of Religions, in Three Parts. By Hannah Adams. To which is prefixed an Essay on Truth. By Andrew Fuller. 12*mo.* 7*s.* 8*vo.* 9*s.*

This work was originally published in America, where the authoress had an opportunity of examining the Christian sects in all their varieties. Besides an account of these, the work gives a sketch of the tenets held by the different nations of the world, as far as they have been hitherto discovered. The plan is a good one, and the book certainly contains a great deal of useful information.
Literary Journal.

Galatea: a pastoral Romance, from the French of M. Florian. By Miss Highley. Crown 8*vo. pp.* 157, *with Plates.* 7*s. Boards.*

The agreeable and affecting romance of Galatea, which Florian borrowed from Cervantes, although he introduced many new scenes and alterations of his own, is rendered into English by this juvenile author in a manner which does great credit to her talents, and to her industrious application in the study of the French language. Such mature fruits are rarely produced at the early age of fifteen; and they lead us to look forwards with pleasing anticipation to the results of a continuance of study and exertion. *Monthly Review.*

Odd Whims and Miscellanies. By Humphrey Repton, Esq. Two Vols. 8*vo.*

We recognise with much satisfaction many of these "Whims and Miscellanies" in another form, and with a different name. They are all entertaining, and many of them of striking and impressive character, particularly the History of Tarenpou and Serinda, the Bashful Man, and the Voyage to the Moon. The two last have a very large portion of wit and humour. *British Critic.*

A Treatise on the Art of Bread-Making. Wherein the Mealing Trade, Assize Laws, and every Circumstance connected with the Art is particularly examined. By A. Edlin. 8*vo. pp.* 216.

Surely he, who in these oppressive times, teaches how to *make bread*, cannot fail to be well received. We wish, indeed, we could add, that Mr. Edlin had discovered a way of making it by some charm; but flour, in spite of our desires, still continues to be thought an ingredient not altogether unnecessary. There is, however,

however, much good sense and practical information in Mr. Edlin's treatise, which owes its origin, he tells us, to "A society of medical men who meet once a week at the theatre of Guy's Hospital, in London, during the winter season, to communicate such new facts and observations as occur in the course of their practice," —or, *the making of their bread.* *Monthly Mirror.*

The Vain Cottager: or the History of Lucy Franklin. To which are prefixed a few Hints to young Women in humble Life, respecting Decency and propriety of Dress. 12*mo.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

From the example of Lucy Franklin this little story is well calculated, both by the plainness of the language, and by the good reflections which are blended with it, to excite in young females of the lower classes a proper sense of their duty; and to guard them against a love of dress, and the vain ambition of attracting the favor of their superiors by affecting to resemble them. The good sense, piety, and benevolent intentions of the author, are conspicuous in the humble style of the address prefixed, and in the tale itself.
Monthly Review.

An Inquiry into the Nature of that Wisdom which Solomon possessed in an eminent Degree. By the Rev. James Creighton, A. B. 1*s.*

The author first examines the various senses in which the word *wisdom* is used in scripture, and then considers in what the wisdom of Solomon consisted. He concludes with justice, that it consisted chiefly in a knowledge of the Hebrew institutions, and the ability to judge the people properly.—He has subjoined to the inquiry, an examination of the true meaning of some controverted passages of scripture. Here he has certainly been generally successful. His criticisms display a great deal of sound judgment and scriptural information. *Literary Journal.*

The History of England, related in familiar Conversations by a Father to his Children; interspersed with moral and instructive Remarks, and Observations on the most leading and interesting Subjects. Designed for the Perusal of Youth. By Elizabeth Helme. Two Volumes. 12*mo.* 7*s.*

This author has made other and successful attempts for the benefit of young persons. The present performance seems exceedingly well adapted to the proposed purpose, and it is worthy of a respectable place in the Juvenile Library. *British Critic.*

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

White Beaver Hat, turned up in Front, with White Ostrich Feather. A Dress of Cambric Muslin, with long full Sleeves. A Spanish Cloak of Violet Sarsenet, trimmed with White Lace. Buff Gloves; Parasol; and Violet Ridicule.

FULL DRESS.

A Robe of Pink Crape; full Sleeves, looped up in Front. The Hair fashionably dressed, with a long White Veil. Buff Gloves.

WALKING DRESS.

FULL DRESS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
SEP

The Apollonian Wreath.

THE HAPPY COTTAGER.

THINK not, ye great, that happiness
Is only found with you;
For those in humble habits clad,
Can boast their pleasures too.

The low-roof'd cottage, thatch'd with straw,
May cheerful hearts contain,
While the high palace is the seat
Of misery and pain.

Behold yon humble, happy swain;
Tho' poor, his heart is gay;
For peace is his; and love, and health,
Strew pleasures in his way.

He heeds not pomp nor pow'r—their cares
Are all to him unknown:
Enough for him that Love has made
The lass he lov'd his own.

Soon as the wakeful cock proclaims
The fresh return of light,
And with his piercing crow first breaks
The stillness of the night,

Up from his couch with haste he springs,
His daily task to ply,
While yet the morning's ruddy beams
Scarce streak the eastern sky.

A thousand blossoms from each bush
Their varied sweets disclose;
The feather'd minstrels, with their songs,
Salute him as he goes.

The lark springs from its dewy nest
To greet the rising day,
And flutt'ring high in air,—to Heav'n
Pours forth its morning lay;

Till having tir'd its little throat
With many a grateful strain,
It shuts its wings, and downward drops
To lap of earth again.

The grass puts on a fresher green
To deck the fruitful ground;
The morning zephyr fragrance breathes,
And Nature smiles around.

And when into the glowing west
Descends the setting sun,
The welcome signal which proclaims
His daily labor done,

Tho' wearily he home returns,
No cares corrode his breast;
For then he feels how true it is,
That labor sweetens rest.

The much-lov'd partner of his home,
In simple charms array'd,
Appears more fair than when to church
He led the blushing maid.

The brightest hues the rose displays,
Her beauteous cheek bespread;
While modest worth and innocence
A height'ning lustre shed.

Ye fair, who, lost in Fashion's maze,
Your midnight revels keep
When silent Nature all around
Invites the world to sleep,

Say, would ye know—(for envious looks
Your inward thoughts bespeak)
What gave that lustre to her eye,
That crimson to her cheek—

What is't that makes yon blooming flow'rs
Such beauteous tints display,
When wanton Phœbus from their leaves
Has kiss'd the dew away?

'Tis Nature's bounteous giving hand
Gave them their various dyes,
Gave to her cheeks their roseate hue,
And radiance to her eyes.

Such simple joys as theirs, ye great,
Might well your envy raise;
Altho' for them no banquets fume,
No midnight tapers blaze:

For 'tis not at the splendid board,
With costly viands crown'd,
Where livery'd lacquies watch each glance,
The happiest hearts are found:

The peer, that in his chariot lolls,
Feels thence no joy supreme;
Oft happier is the humble clown,
That whistles o'er his team.

For all that thankless man receives,
Are bounties Heav'n has sent;
And he is happiest, who learns
Therewith to be content.

W. W.

ELIZA'S EPITAPH.

NO more my fair Eliza knows
The pleasures earth can give;
No more she feels its wants or woes,
But high in Heav'n doth live.

If in her soul was found a spot
To wound sweet Mercy's mind,
Omniscience glad forgave the blot,
To human frailties kind.

Oh! faintly let your footsteps fall,
Who pace this hallow'd gloom;
And think that Death the next may call
Thy spirit to the tomb.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR BOY.

INDEED I'm a very poor boy,
And I think that my heart will soon break;
With hunger I'm ready to cry,
And the bitter cold wind makes me shake.

Oh! let me your bounty receive;
It will not be bestow'd on a cheat.
Ah, how would my dear father grieve,
Did he know that I begg'd in the street!

To fight for his country he's gone,
And knows not that mother is dead;
That an outcast is poor little John,
Who has no where to shelter his head;

That he's lost both his mother and home,
And dying with hunger and grief:
He is forc'd the long winter to roam,
Oft begging in vain for relief.

Then, lady, your bounty bestow;
Cheer the heart of a poor little boy,
Whose father is fighting the foe
That would gladly *your* comforts destroy.

A trifle then grant to my pray'r,
And soon from your sight I'll be gone:
From hunger, and bitter despair,
It will rescue the poor little John.

SUSAN.

TO MISS ———

MUCH pleasure I've found in a walk through the shade,
Where the soft zephyrs sigh'd through the deep colonnade,
When the bright God of day was just fading from view,
And the skies wept his absence in tears of fresh dew:
But the sweetest of joys that I ever yet prov'd,
Was a walk through the grove with the lady I lov'd.

Not the sun's radiant beams on a mountain of snow,
Which, when frozen, appear as with diamonds to glow,
And in splendor redoubled illumines the skies,
Are so glorious to view as my love's sparkling eyes;
And sable's the snow, newly fall'n from above,
To the slow-rising bosom of her that I love.

With

With frequent delight I have view'd the blown rose,
(The noblest and sweetest of flowers that blows,)
And the low-drooping lily, that blooms in the vale,
And bows its weak head to the slow-passing gale;
But no rose, or fair lily, the gentle gales move,
Can compare with the soft blushing cheek of my love.

Not the sweet heav'nly dews, that descend in the eve,
And fall on the sycamore's tremulous leaf;
Nor the sweets the poor bees with such labor exhale
From each sweet-smelling flow'r, in the upland or dale;
Or the fresh op'ning vi'lets, that peep in the grove,
Are so sweet as the lips of the lady I love.

A coy fair one I've seen, with a beauteous smile,
A poor simple youth of his fond heart beguile;
Or when to soft music she, pleas'd, would keep pace,
His soul melt to love, by her dignified grace;
But none smiles so sweet, or so graceful can move,
As Miss ———————— the lady I love.

Liverpool. W. P——RE.

AN ACROSTIC,

Written by the late Rev. ROBERT NOYES, *of Cranbrook, in Kent, Author of* Distress, *a Poem, &c. &c.*

H OW fleet is time, how swift our moments fly,
A nd waft us hourly nearer to the sky!
R eflect, my soul, on this important truth,
R eflect devoutly in the days of youth;
I nstruction draw from ev'ry transient hour
O f life's short term—and act with heav'nly power:
T hus sacred truth shall dwell within my breast,
T ill death conveys me to eternal rest.

W elcome that day, when I shall meet my friends
I n those abodes where earthly sorrow ends.
L et others court the pleasures fancy brings,
M y thoughts shall soar above terrestrial things,
S urvey bright scenes beyond the grave with joy;
H ope giving comforts that ne'er end nor cloy.
U seful thro' life let all my days be past,
R ememb'ring still each hour may be my last.
S o shall my sun go down with cheerful ray,
T o rise again, and make immortal day.

Cranbrook,
March 23d, 1805.

SONNET,

BY MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS,

*Extracted from the Critical Review.**

HOW sweet among the woodland scenes to rove,
When dew-gemm'd trees their budding charms display,
And listen to the thrilling voice of Love,
That floats melodious on the breath of May;

To mark the bursting germ, the infant flower,
Catch the health-giving breeze of early dawn;
Mark the bright tints of morn's impurpled hour,
And stray delighted o'er the spangled lawn!

Oh! these are scenes that wake th' improving thought,
That bid Reflection soar on eagle's wing;
With conscious worth, with sense and feeling fraught,
All that e'er peace can give, or memory bring.

Such were the joys in life's fair morn I knew,
When ev'ry thought was bliss, and every hope was new

LINES

Written upon perusing the foregoing.

AND is this all the tribute which they pay
To genius, early number'd with the dead?
Surely the critic might with justice say,
The Muses wove their garlands round *her head.*

But what avails Imagination's store,
Of images poetic, or sublime,
Or Learning's deep and legendary lore,
If they're effac'd by the deep hand of Time?

If dark Oblivion throws a sombre gloom,
And worth, or talents, live but in the mind;
Whilst their possessor flourishes in bloom,
And is at once each friend's delight and pride!

Painful

* "In this Volume many of the Poems possess merit, but the Authoress is now no more."—*Vide Critical Review.*

Painful the thought of not surviving death;
Fondly we cling around this earthly sphere;
Ere with the last expiring deep-drawn breath
The wish escapes—of being long lov'd here!

To be forgotten, when the form's inclos'd
Within its narrow tenement of clay,
Is worse than having ev'ry fault expos'd,
And ev'ry failing usher'd into day.

To be *forgotten!* how severe the thought!
'Tis that which spreads a horror round the tomb:
How many heroes have existence bought,
Whose lives were cut off e'er in manhood's bloom!

And shall not *worth* and *talents* then survive
Beyond the darksome precincts of the grave?
Will not some kindred spirit keep alive
Those virtues which might rival e'en the brave?

Yes, Friendship's hand shall deck the hallow'd pile
Where rests a form deservedly held dear,
With flow'rs, the choicest of fair Albion's Isle,
And nurture each with a pellucid tear.

Like incense wafted from the sacred shrine,
These pure, these soft libations shall arise;
And, bright as gems in rich Golconda's mine,
Deck with their radiance the Æthereal skies!

M. P——

A FRAGMENT.

——— THOU that erst didst trace
The dire misfortunes of the Theban race,
Back to the sources where their woes begun,
Th' incestuous mother, and the murd'rous son,
Thou that dost teach melodious moans to flow,
And the pathetic strains of heart-felt woe,
Be now my Muse—oh! teach me to rehearse
My deeper woes in melancholy verse.

Not Sparta's monarch, when his bride had fled,
And violation seiz'd the royal bed;
Not Troy's chaste dame, when on the hero's tomb
Polyxena there met an early doom;
Or beauteous Hero, when beneath the wave
Her lov'd Leander found a watery grave;
E'er felt the pangs which rend my troubled soul—
For, oh! I've broke Selina's favorite bowl!!!

Clare. J. FITCH.

LINES

Written on receiving a Flower, called Heart's-Ease, from a young Lady.

ON Delia's bosom—lovely fair!—
This child of Summer plac'd,
Increas'd ten thousand beauties there,
And countless graces grac'd.

Young Strephon saw—Ah! luckless swain!
Malignant Fate decrees
To thee unjoyous hours of pain,
But not that balm—Heart's-Ease.

"What flow'r is that, sweet nymph," he cried,
"Thus favor'd, thee to please?"
"It is"—the nymph return'd, and sigh'd—
"Strephon—it is—*Heart's-Ease!*"

"Heart's-Ease!" the love-sick swain replies—
"Oh! would that thou wert mine!"—
The lovely tantalizer cries,
"Take it—fond youth—*'tis* thine."

Yes—Delia's hand bestow'd the boon,
And granted Strephon's will;
Yet in her bosom—Virtue's throne—
Heart's-Ease was planted still.

And Strephon had a sound, a name,
A little simple flower;
Whilst Cupid's fiercest, purest flame
His bosom did devour.

X. Z.

EXTEMPORE.

OH, see you not this youthful breast
Heaving, by sorrow sore opprest?
It is for you, for you alone,
That I in secret often moan:
But you are cruel, and disdain
To look upon so poor a swain.
Oh, then, farewell! for I must die:
I can't sustain such misery.

M. P.

THE LOVER'S EVENING WALK.

I.

THE sun, crown'd with blushes, was slowly declining
The blue misty hills and the vallies among;
'Twas the mild glowing close of a sweet summer's evening,
When lonely I rov'd the green meadows along.
Far in the vale the loud laughter of happiness,
Wafted by zephyrs, would oft intervene,
With the far distant lows of the herd, home returning,
To vary my thoughts, and to heighten the scene.

II.

I trod the light turf with a heart gaily beating,
For memory dwelt on the smiles of my Jane;
I thought of the pleasure of fond lovers meeting,
But not of the torture of parting again.
Again I remember'd those glances of kindness
Which thrill'd through my heart with such exquisite joy;
Again her soft cheek, and her lips' gentle pressure,
My wild raving thoughts and my wishes employ.

III.

Let others, the cold path of prudence pursuing,
In toiling for riches, still wear out the day;
Or, borne on the tide of deceitful Ambition,
The short fleeting moments of life waste away:
Dearer to me are the pains and the pleasures
Which in love, faithful love, I enraptur'd can find;
Dearer the transports which glow in my bosom,
While Hope fondly whispers my Jane will be kind.

IV.

Ah, see with what mildness of majesty rising,
The moon reigns serenely the Queen of the Sky;
Light hovering clouds mark the distant horizon;
The breeze of the mountain sweeps pleasantly by.
Such be the close of my life's gilded season;
Unclouded with sorrow, unruffled by pain;
And, clear as yon planet, which shines so serenely,
May life be illum'd with the smiles of my Jane.

ALEXIS.

WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

GRATEFUL for Sol's reviving ray,
Again my flow'rs appear;
Warm'd by the radiant orb of day,
They hail the rising year.

The

The snow-drop first, in virgin white,
  Its modest head uprears;
The crocus next, in colours bright,
  To please the eye appears.

The primrose sheds her perfumes round,
  Alike o'er hill and dale;
The meads with cowslips now abound;
  The violet scents the vale.

Oh! let not Flora hither bring
  Her choicest gifts in vain;
But let the source from whence they spring
  Our adoration claim.

April 22*d*, 1805. PHILLIDA.

The Nocturnal Visit to the Grave of a lamented Wife.

HOW awful 'tis to take the midnight round
  In these retreats, where hollow tombs resound,
Where silence reigns 'midst melancholy yews,
Which o'er the fretted vaults their shades diffuse!
O, whilst upon this hallow'd turf I tread,
Over the mute assemblage of the dead,
May heav'nly contemplation come with speed,
And wake my soul to ev'ry noble deed.
What heaps of dust! what ghastly sculls I see!
That once have liv'd, and breath'd, and mov'd, like me!
Their death-like trophies, grav'd in dirgic lays,
Proclaim the merits of their short-liv'd days.
Thou, King of Terror! author of my woe,
What mortal can assuage thy deadly blow?
Still on with solemn steps I move along,
Hail'd by the moping owl's nocturnal song;
Still, still these trickling tears from Sorrow's eye,
Pour on the grave where thy cold relics lie.
Thou liest in quiet; unmolested sleep;
And vainly may I sigh, in vain may weep:
Yet soon shall I in Death's embrace be lost,
And made companion to thy pensive ghost:
And when the hailing cherubs, from on high,
Shall burst the earth, and rend the vaulted sky,
May we arise, and break our azure way
To joyful realms of everlasting day.

Sneydgreen, N. H.
April 3*rd*, 1805.

LINES

To the Infant Daughter of a Friend.

MAY Louisa's fair form never know
The hard-hearted frowns of the world;
May the soul-rending mis'ries of woe
And misfortune far from her be hurl'd;
May the bliss of content be her own,
And delight undiminish'd by care;
May each peaceful pleasure be known
To the mind of Louisa the fair.

And when beauty shall beam from her eye,
When her form and her mind shall expand,
May each guardian grace still be nigh,
To preserve her from Infamy's hand:
And should some dear youth tell his love,
May Hymen unite the fond pair;
And the joys of the regions above
Still attend on Louisa the Fair.

April, 1805. J. M. L.

A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

BEHOLD that scene, yon trembling main,
On whose smooth brow soft breezes sleep!
No breath disturbs the azure plain,
Or moves the surface of the deep.
Fond o'er the tide the vessels run,
Nor fear the rocks, nor dread the wind;
Unfold their canvas to the sun,
Regardless of the storms behind.
But, hark! from yonder bursting clouds,
The tempest breaks, loud thunders roar,
Which split the masts, tear off the shrouds,
And dash them headlong on the shore.
By flatt'ring gales too soon betray'd
To leave their port, and tempt the wave,
Those billows where they lately play'd,
Become, alas! too soon their grave.
In this sad scene thyself behold,
Nor does thy bliss the image wrong;
The rocks that dash our hopes, as bold,
The storms that vex our life, as strong.
Op'ning by Fortune's smiles to-day.
Our fame looks fair, our honors bloom;
To-morrow, with'ring, all decay,
Shadow'd by envy, or a tomb. A.

ON SICKNESS.

FROM this vain world, where ills abound,
And joys but few, unmix'd, are found,
Where restless foes those few infest,
And friends are impotent, at best,
My wearied soul, good Lord, remove
To bow'rs of bliss, and friends above.
I said: when, lo! this pray'r preferr'd,
Stern Sickness, (frightful guest!) appear'd.
I started, frown'd, and cried, "Begone
"From one already half undone.
"Can pain a cure for sorrow be?
"Enough I'm wretched without thee."
Weak man, who errs a thousand ways,
And censures what deserves his praise!
The hideous form so seiz'd my thought,
I then th' intrinsic worth forgot:
But, welcome, guest; for now I find,
Tho' seeming cruel, thou art kind:
Kind as I wish'd; and lead'st the road,
From this vain world, to heav'n and God.
To heav'n and God, I'll press the way,
Though grim the pilot, rough the sea.
Who can his course reluctant bend,
When that's the port, and He the friend?

A.

Correspondence, &c.

The "Unparalleled Love-Letter" *is altogether destitute of interest, and has nothing but bad orthography to draw attention, and this is carried to a disgusting excess.*

The little Drama called "Indiscretions," *must be deferred till the next Volume.*

"Observations on the Lake of Geneva," *on the* "Indulgence of Family Pride," "Vicissitudes of Human Life," *&c. are received, and will appear in course.*

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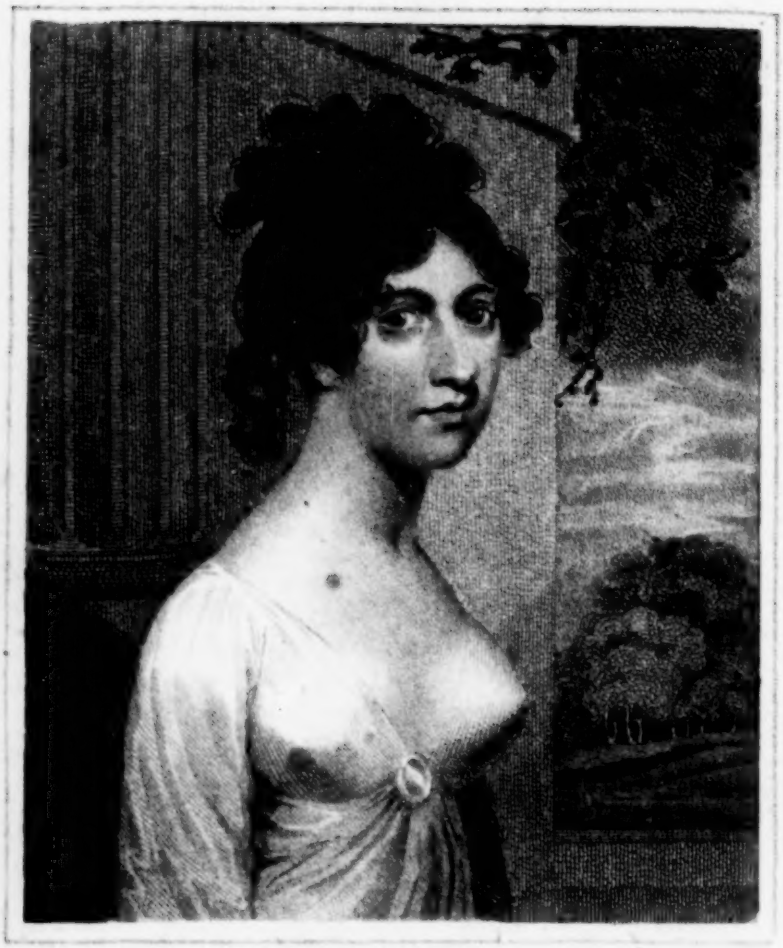

Engd by Maddocks, from a Miniature by Black

Rosa Matilda